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DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE

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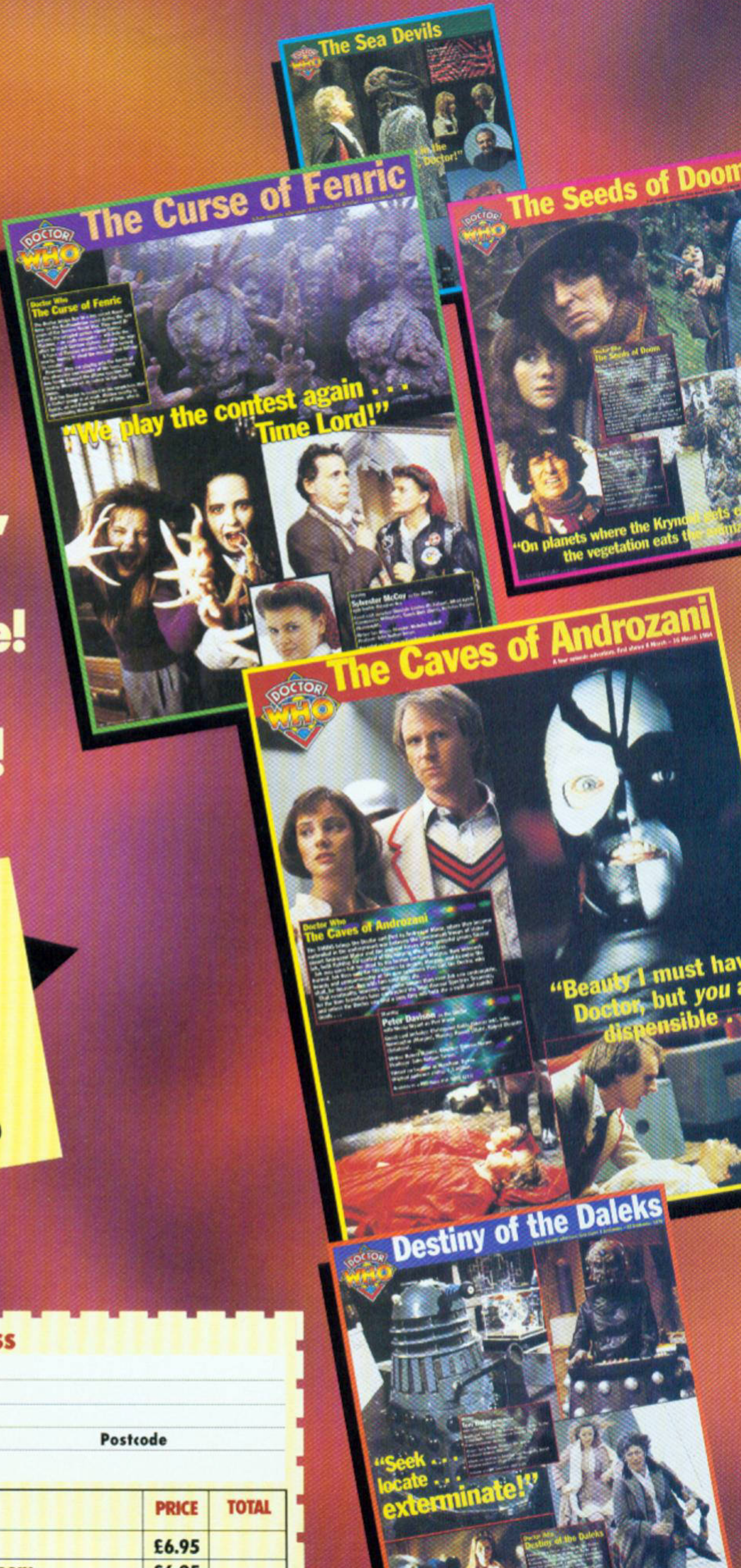
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Okay, I know we promised you a chat with Sylvester McCoy this issue, but recent events have prompted us to produce a different type of lead feature; one that reviews the last few turbulent years of *Doctor Who*'s fortunes, and examines the show's options for the future. Helping us with his own unique perspective is none other than Paul McGann in an exclusive interview. Sylvester will be here for our star-studded Christmas issue, promise!

Now then . . . After two, hectic, challenging, occasionally sad and often hilarious years as *DWM*'s assistant editor, I've decided to depart these pages in order to oversee Marvel UK's superhero comics line. I won't be severing all my ties with *DWM* – I'll still be sticking my nose into the editing of the comic strip – but I will no longer be part of the day-to-day workings of the mag. I'm going to miss it like mad – really, I couldn't have wished for a more exciting tenure on this title.

I've been flipping through the back issues, now neatly tucked away in our smart new binders (available free with your subscription – go on, you know it makes sense), and the evolution of *DWM* becomes increasingly clear as they progress: *DWM* has stopped being a magazine strictly about *Doctor Who*, and became one about the *Doctor Who phenomenon* – a celebration, not just of a remarkable television series, but of the entire subculture it's generated. *DWM* is about the *frisson* of excitement created when a missing episode is discovered; the happy yelling matches in pubs nationwide as the Hinchcliffe and Williams eras are compared; and the embarrassed camaraderie caused by queueing at midnight outside an HMV store. *DWM*, in short, is about *you*. *Doctor Who* belongs to anyone who wants to watch it, but no one loves it more than we do – we *deserve* this mag.

My thanks to Gary and Paul, two outstanding individuals with whom working has always been an absolute pleasure; to pukkah geezer Marcus Hearn; to the many talented *DWM* contributors; and, most of all, to Gary Russell, who gave me the gig in the first place. I owe you big-time, mate.

My successor is in for the time of his life – he hasn't quite set up house here yet, so you'll have to wait for next issue to find out who he is. 'Tis a familiar name, however . . .

So until next time, there must be no regrets, no tears, no anxieties; just go forward in all your beliefs, and – Ahem.
Sorry about that. See you in the funny pages!

Scott

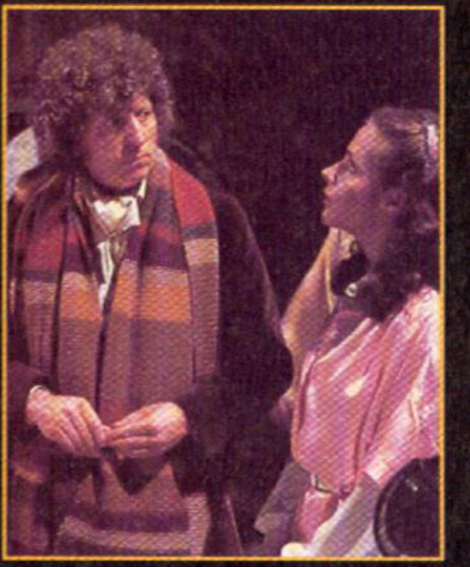
## *Special Features*

**THE MOURNING AFTER** 4
The TV Movie has been and gone – some loved it, some hated it, but everyone had an opinion on it. But what now for the future of *Doctor Who*? We examine the possibilities, and talk exclusively to Paul McGann . . .

**PANOPTICON '96** 20
The biggest *Doctor Who* event of the year is profiled, with the stars, the fans and, er, loo paper . . .

**20 FORGOTTEN FUNCTIONS OF THE TARDIS** 44
Do you remember the Time Vector Generator? Or the tractor beam? Or those funky seat-belts? No, we don't either, so read this . . .

**THE JOHN NATHAN-TURNER MEMOIRS** 46
**Chapter Ten: This could be the start of something big!**
JNT remembers Season Twenty-Four, with the arrival of Sylvester McCoy, the return of Kate O'Mara and the departure of Bonnie Langford . . .



## *Interviews*

**THE FUN MAKERS** 34
In the first of a two-part interview, Pennant Roberts, the director who brought us, among others, *The Face of Evil*, *The Sun Makers*, recalls his *Doctor Who* days . . .

## *Fiction*

**STRIP: *ENDGAME* PART THREE** 14
It's time for the Doctor to step inside the Toyroom and play the Toymaker at his own games. There's Hide and Seek, Hangman, Snakes and Ladders . . .

## *Regular Features*

**GALLIFREY GUARDIAN EXTRA** 11
Pushed to one side by *The Mourning After*, a *Gallifrey Guardian* special feature, here's a round-up of the rest of this month's news.

VWORP
VWORP

**ARCHIVE** 23
Some of the finest scientific minds in the world have been kidnapped, and the Doctor suspects alien interference. His investigations lead him to England in the Middle Ages, and the sinister plans of *The Time Warrior*. . .

**TIMELINES** 31
Matthew Jones' recent *Fluid Links* on the Eighth Doctor is the main reason for comment this month.

**SHELF LIFE** 39
Dave Owen mooches around the seedy underside of fifties London, dodges death on an alien battlefield and falls for the unsubtle bribery of Lyons and Howarth. The fool!

Editor **Gary Gillatt**
Assistant Editor **Scott Gray**
Designer **Paul Vyse**

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. . . and congratulations to **DWM** writer Alan Barnes on his recent marriage to the lovely Jane – here's to a happy future for you both!

This issue's competition entries should be sent on a postcard or back of a sealed envelope, clearly marked with the competition title, to:
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Entries must arrive by second post on 5th February 1997.

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GARY RUSSELL

# The mourning after...

A **Gallifrey Guardian** SPECIAL FEATURE

It is now seven months since the *Doctor Who* movie hit our TV screens with a frenzy of merchandising and fan celebration. The film – produced in a fragile transatlantic co-production deal – was hoped to relaunch the series to the world but, since its transmission, uncertainty and doubt still cloud the show's future.

In the first of a revealing two-part feature, Gary Gillatt looks back at the film's rocky path to our screens and takes stock of current attitudes towards the show, especially within the BBC. And, in an exclusive interview, Simon J Jerrard catches up with the publicity-shy star of the film, **Paul McGann**, to ask, well . . . "What next?"

## PART ONE
## *The Seven Year Hitch*

**Before we can take a detailed look at the current politics gripping the fate of *Doctor Who*, it is important first to look back at the years 1989-95, and consider the climate into which the recent TV Movie was born. Only through this can we measure current trends and expectations within BBC Worldwide and the Corporation itself, and gain some sense of what the future might hold for the Doctor.**

THE NEW DOCTOR

Even back in January, when *Doctor Who* fans were celebrating the imminent return of their hero, everything felt a little unstable.

When **DWM** spoke to Philip Segal, one of the executive producers of the Paul McGann TV Movie, in Vancouver, the final fight between the Doctor and the Master was still being rehearsed in the room next door. Behind the scenes, various rivalries were leading to different kinds of clashes: representatives of the assorted production companies were jockeying for position, and producers representing BBC Worldwide, Universal and Fox were haggling over script changes and steadily increasing costs. With so many cooks involved, perhaps it's a wonder that this particular broth made it to the table at all, let alone proved to be palatable to so many.

Philip Segal is by far the most important figure in this story. Segal had watched *Doctor Who* as a child, at the side of his much-loved grandfather. The ideas and the images of the programme had been jangling in the back of his mind throughout his television career. When he found himself in a senior commissioning role at Amblin Television, developing new series for Universal, Segal saw a chance to make a programme his late grandfather would have been proud of, a programme Segal himself could watch with his own children. He wanted to make *Doctor Who*.

Gallifrey Gu
PROGRAMME CANCELLED?

When Segal first approached the BBC about the rights to *Doctor Who* in the autumn of 1989, the show's final regular season was still being shown on BBC1. It looked set to continue into a 27th year: at a press conference to relaunch the season halfway through its run, the then-Head of Series, Peter Cregeen, stated, "*Doctor Who* has lasted 26 years and I can't see any reason why it shouldn't continue. The BBC is committed to more *Doctor Who* in the future."

No-one at Television Centre seemed willing to discuss the future of the series with Segal. It is possible, however, that at a time of bottomed-out ratings and generally poor public opinion of the series, it was the enquiries of Segal and other freelance producers that opened the BBC's eyes to the possibility of independent production, and to cancel Season Twenty-Seven pending investigation of external production possibilities. Certainly by the end of November, Cregeen's office issued a statement reading, "The best possible way to take the series through the nineties will . . . involve having it made outside of the BBC." He also said to *Radio Times* in the week of the series' 26th anniversary, "There may be a little longer between this series and the next than usual." In the years that followed, *Doctor Who* fans would almost grow fond of such understatement . . . Almost, but not quite.

1990 and '91 brought news of a number of prospective independent producers lobbying the BBC for the chance to take on *Doctor Who*, perhaps seeing it as a possible cash cow thanks to its lucrative merchandising and overseas sales opportunities. Foremost among these was a consortium headed by leading former script-writers Terry Nation and Gerry Davis. Nation and Davis claimed the interest and support of, variously, Fox TV, Columbia, the Turner Network and Disney for their proposed series of 20 episodes with a strong linking storyline. Also alledgedly knocking on the door of BBC Drama were Victor Pemberton's Saffron Productions and Verity Lambert's Cinema Verity – at the time busy with the preparations for what they hoped would be BBC1's next drama hit, the ex-pat soap *Eldorado*.

> **"The best possible way to take the series through the nineties will . . . involve having it made outside of the BBC."** *Peter Cregeen, 1989*

Cregeen's door, however, seemed to be closed to such enquiries, and a comment he made to a freelance journalist in early 1990 is one of the most revealing of the time: "We are looking for a format to keep *Doctor Who* on our screens for the next 10 years," he said. "This could mean using an independent production company but as yet no tendering process has been instigated, although several interested parties have come forward with their own proposals." Cregeen's department, it seems, were keen to allay fears that the show was gone for good, but were not actively exploring avenues for its return. Recent changes in BBC policy stated that BBC Drama must ensure that an ever-increasing proportion of their output come from external production houses. *Doctor Who* might have seemed perfect for this sort of arrangement, but as no tendering procedures were in place, it merely seemed to provide a way for the department to arms-length itself from the series. *Doctor Who* already seemed unpopular with a new drama management team keen to develop its own ideas and programmes rather than re-heat and serve their predecessors' successes. In retrospect, this almost seems funny in the TV world of 1996, with the schedules chock-a-block with *The Liver Birds*, *Poldark*, *Dr Finlay's Casebook* and assorted *Star Trek: Somethings* . . . Almost, but not quite.

MORE DELAYS – BUT 'DOCTOR WHO IS NOT DEAD', SAY BBC

In the late spring of 1990 Victor Pemberton told **DWM** that both he and Gerry Davis had been greeted by "a wall of silence" from the BBC. Cregeen's office, however, continued to use variations of a statement along the lines of ". . . Securing long-term future . . . careful consideration of bids . . . not closing the door on the TARDIS yet." The BBC's line noticably hardened, however, after the '*Doctor Who* Day of Protest' of 30th November of that year. The organisers had hoped that the BBC switchboard on that day would be jammed by "25,000 fans each making 20 phone-calls each."

In the week before the Day of Protest, former producer John Nathan-Turner – who would presumably have some insight into

---

# Paul McGann

interviewed by Simon J Gerard

**Below:** The Doctor (Paul McGann) and Grace (Daphne Ashbrook) have a close encounter in the park . . .

**Opposite top:** Preparing to record the dramatic final scenes in the TARDIS.

Opposite below: The effects of the Doctor's amnesia begin to wear off, much to Grace's consternation . . . Photos © BBC Video

I have an embarrassing confession to make; after a week of planning for my interview with Paul McGann, the big moment comes and I nearly blow it! The shame! The horror!

Sitting in a deserted canteen until Paul is free to come and talk, I am idly flicking bits of paper around the table when a scruffy stranger wanders in sporting a nasty cut to the head. I decide to stare out of the window until he goes away. Too late; he spots me and wanders over to the table . . .

"Alright! Are you the guy that's doin' the interview?" he asks, and then I realise – that voice, the features, it is the man himself! Paul is slightly smaller than you'd expect, with close-cropped hair and boyish features, but it's the eyes that really give the game away; when you see that piercing, other-worldly gaze at close quarters you can understand why Paul was producer Philip Segal's first and only choice to play the Doctor.

He explains his scruffy appearance as the result of a strenuous morning's filming on his new movie; the action film *Downtime*. What's the story, then? Is he the new Bruce Willis? "God, no! The film takes place over two days, and its the story of three characters who get stuck in a lift. We filmed the exteriors down in Everton over a week and half to two weeks, and now we're in here doing the interior shots in a studio in Warrington, 'cos you can't be trying to film going up and down in a lift for real on location!"

But as with *Doctor Who*, we're not really in a studio at all, are we? Paul laughs, "Hah, no! This place is a disused sports arena. It was like the Marie Celeste when we came in because you'd keep expecting to find still-warm training shoes in the lockers!

"*Downtime* is very action-packed – there's plenty of stunts and stuff. It means that we've got to have stunt doubles for everybody but, within reason, I'll do a bit. My double might do a fall or a drop, and then they'll just insert my face, or put me on a mat, and I'll gurn for the camera! It doesn't seem fair, somehow . . ." He reconsiders, "But there again, I get all the fan-mail!"

I lead the conversation towards *Doctor Who*. Would he be keen to discuss his, so far, short tenure? When I broach the subject, he smiles and mentions that he has no problem talking about it, providing I don't get too technical; questions which require him to hazard a guess as to whether it was Imperial or Renegade Daleks who despatched the Master are a definite 'no-no'!

I opt to start at the beginning and find out what was behind his reticence to take on the role of the Doctor. "Really, the reasons were practical. It wasn't that I had anything against the series *per se*, but it was the nature of the contract and the prospective upheaval that moving to North America for five years might have meant." He goes on to explain the type of deal that was being offered. "What happens with this kind of thing is that when you work for the Americans in television, the contracts are fairly standard. Although it was a pilot show, and the pilot is there to gauge interest, in the event that a series goes ahead you're there for five or six years, and if it doesn't go ahead it's just, 'See ya!' That's just the way it is because it's a different industry over there, so any reticence comes out of that situation, not the role. The thing is, I've never signed a contract on a job for more than five weeks or six months before, so it's a big decision to sell up in Britain and move or whatever . . ."

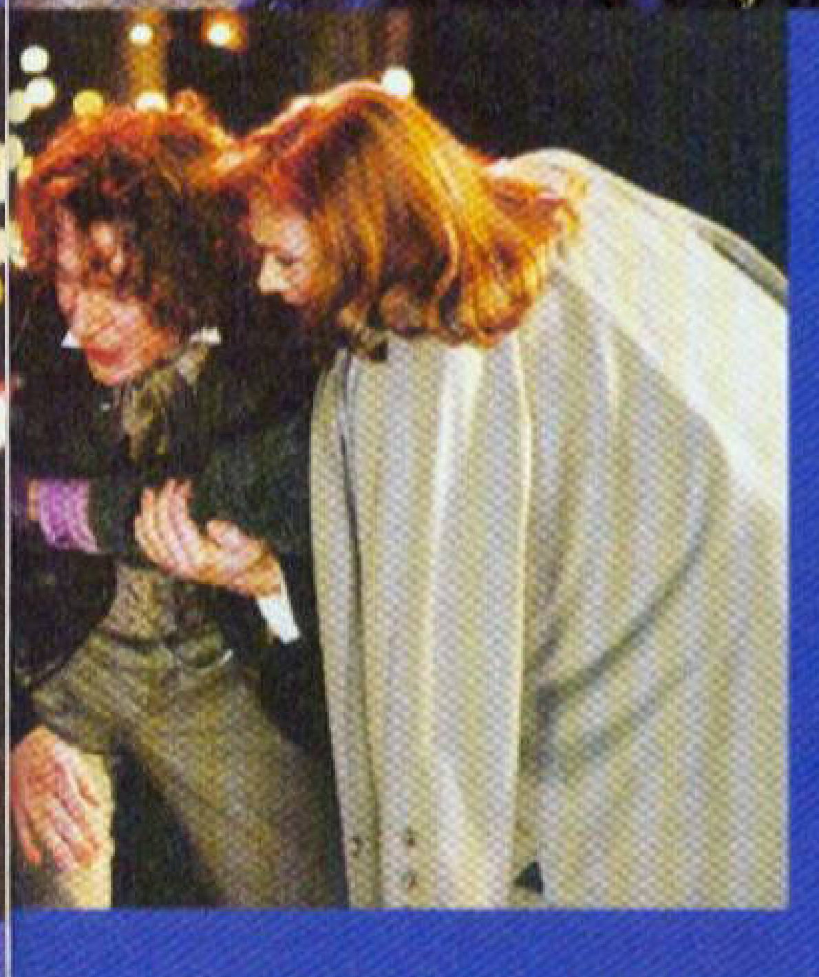
Did he ever consider it personally important to break into the American market? "Again, I think that's in the equation. It's part of the way I looked at it because you have to be business-like. It was an opportunity, but for months I said no, because it was just too much to get me head round!"

> **"So that's it – famous for two hours!"**

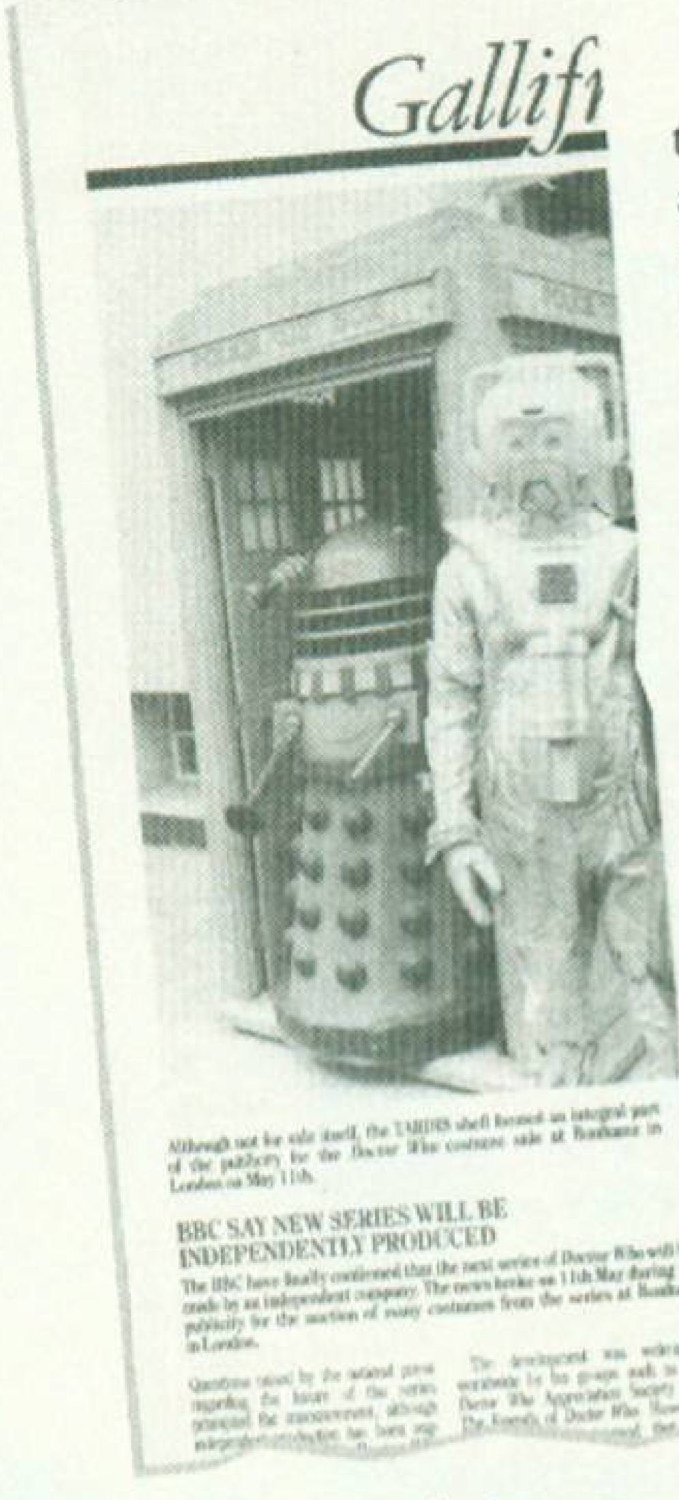
But he *did* accept the role, so what changed his mind? "Don't forget it was only the pilot show, so there was always the chance that that would be all, and in the event I think that's the way it's probably turned out. Sylvester McCoy now calls me the George Lazenby of Time Lords! So that's it – famous for two hours! The situation now is that I'm under contract to Fox TV, and they have up until the end of the year to call me up. After that date the rights go back to BBC Worldwide who owned the programme initially."

I point out that this may worry the shows fans who are concerned that the BBC may decide to 'rest' *Doctor Who* again but, to my surprise, McGann attempts to dispel the fears. "I can sense that there is some enthusiasm for *Doctor Who* within the parts of the Beeb who, don't forget, have spent a lot of money reviving it. In a way, I hope something happens with it because of the fans, because there's, like, 110 million of 'em – and that's just the registered ones!"

Although happy to talk generally about the production, McGann is not easily drawn on the specifics of *Doctor Who*. He gives the impression that he sees himself as almost a 'jobbing actor' – this description is certainly not meant to play down McGann's abilities or career, but merely to warn the reader that they should not expect too much in-depth analysis. A prime example of this is when I ask him about the use of religious imagery in the American production. "You know, this may disappoint some and it may please others, but ideas like that are usually just dreamed-up on the day. Maybe during a lighting set-up someone will say, 'Why don't we do this?', or, 'No, let's do it like this!' or, 'If you kneel down and put your head like this and your arms like that . . .' and suddenly you've got this sort of ersatz Christ image. It all tends to be just opportunistic, or it happens despite you. It wasn't enshrined and it certainly wasn't in the script." After some silent contemplation, he compares his lot to the plight of some other slightly famous, Liverpudlians. "I guess the Beatles must have found the same thing when they were making their albums; it's only later when you put it all together that people see patterns emerge . . ."



I venture that it can't all be in the eye of the beholder. Surely with a programme that relies (at times) on self-continuity and the inclusion of recognisable icons, the patterns are there for a reason. "Philip Segal, who exec'-produced the film, was and is the biggest fan! He totally lives and breathes *Doctor Who*. He was *that* kid! So it was his volition and enthusiasm that got the film made, and he was always concerned that the icons, the very identifiable images and props – the things that you dispense with at your peril – had to be there. To the initiated – like Fox TV," he laughs, "who were making it, it was mystifying! 'Why do we need a – what? Sonic screwdriver?' Because ►


Gallifr

BBC SAY NEW SERIES WILL BE INDEPENDENTLY PRODUCED

the thought processes at BBC Drama – was told about the scheme at a convention. His calm reply was, "Don't do it. This campaign will cause irreparable damage."

On the 1st December BBC Publicity stated that 700 calls had been logged by 6pm the day before. Most callers heard a non-commital recorded statement in the "we're making sure it's right" vein.

Undaunted, a "consortium of fans" formed the *Doctor Who* Action Committee and proudly announced their desire to sue the BBC for £30 million. The charges? Simply, "Blatant apathy and insensitivity in the face of strong demand from customers." The group, headed by former "friend to the production team" Ian Levine, organised a raffle to raise £30,000 from fandom to finance the action. The enthusiasm for the case was soon to crumble, however, and the Action Committee came under sharp criticism from many within the fan press.

Following these more aggressive fan responses, official statements from the BBC about *Doctor Who*'s future were much rarer and certainly less supportive and placatory than before. On the Channel Four discussion programme *Right to Reply*, James Arnold-Baker, then Head of BBC Enterprises, was uncompromising: "*Doctor Who* is an old property," he said, "it has had its day and is no longer commercially viable." Mark Shivas, the Head of Drama, replied to an enquiry with, "*Doctor Who* has nothing to do with us." The following autumn BBC Publicity only had to say, "In a competitive market environment . . . one cannot continue to support a programme of this sort that is not able to achieve a substantial audience."

> **"*Doctor Who* is an old property; it is no longer commercially viable."**
>
> ***James Arnold-Baker, 1990***

So, on the surface, there was much sound and fury signifying nothing. Fans had attempted a full-frontal attack on the BBC, little knowing that the good fight was actually being fought quietly behind the scenes. While every weapon that fans could find to throw at the disinterested Drama Department skidded harmlessly off its thick hide, Philip Segal of Columbia Pictures, and later Amblin, was in the early stages of negotiating with BBC Enterprises for *Doctor Who*'s return – a quarter of a mile and an entire mind-set away from the programming mandarins at Television Centre.

Segal was very lucky. After what he has called "a series of flukes" he began to speak to Tony Greenwood, then in charge of Children's International Projects at Enterprises. As a former Head of Home Entertainment, Greenwood was aware of the success of *Doctor Who* in overseas markets, on home video and as a licensed property. BBC Enterprises was soon to become BBC Worldwide (and will be referred to as such for the rest of this article), a much more pro-active organisation devoted to exploiting BBC properties across all media. The BBC directorate were setting the new company ambitious target profits for the end of the decade. Departments such as BBC Books, Video and Magazines were set to expand massively as TV programmes themselves – such as *Antiques Roadshow* and *Top Gear* – were identified as brands which could be used to sell a wide range of related products. Worldwide was also keen to expand into programme making themselves, almost turning the whole merchandising process on its head, as programmes would be produced to support their associated products. *Doctor Who* must have represented a perfect project to test the politics and possibilities of this new system. To BBC Drama, *Doctor Who* was an old show, someone else's show, a show that had had its day; but to Worldwide, *Doctor Who* was a tried and trusted success, a good seller on video and a known and manageable quantity. And, more importantly, a charming, experienced producer from one the world's most important production companies was just short of begging for the chance to make it with them. At the time, Segal was cast perfectly for Worldwide's needs. Without his enthusiasm and determination, added to Worldwide's desire to flex its muscle as a programme maker, *Doctor Who* would probably have slipped away forever. By mid-1992 Segal was talking to the right people and real negotiations were beginning.

In *Doctor Who*'s 30th anniversary year, however, fans and interested press were distracted by all manner of other sideshows. While senior figures at Worldwide quietly jetted back and forth between White City and Hollywood, discussing the significant matters of distribution rights and budgeting, we were all watching the swift rise and equally swift fall of the proposed anniversary special *The Dark Dimension*, the development of assorted documentaries, a somewhat surreal *Doctor Who* meets *EastEnders* special in 3D and the whole massively overinflated nothing of a number of proposed *Doctor Who* movies.

As best as can be ascertained, the idea of producing *The Dark Dimension* (later *Lost in the Dark Dimension*), a complicated one-off story featuring an older, unregenerated Fourth Doctor and cameos by other incarnations, had found favour in some quarters of Worldwide. Any big Anglo-American co-production would have been seen as long way off, and a quick and, in comparison, cheap video special seemed a good way to mark the anniversary and maintain interest in the series. Segal, however, wasn't pleased. He was to say later: "If anyone was to blame for the demise of that special, it was me.

Gallifrey

THE LONG WAIT IS OVER!!

Gallifrey

THE BBC CANCEL
THE DARK DIMENSION
TURN TO PAGE 39

# Paul McGann

▸ we *just do*! So, like I say, it's only when you put the film together that some things happen by accident – even in terms of performance."

Was he ever required to introduce mannerisms or nuances set by former Doctors into his portrayal? "Sure. Segal, once or twice, might have said, 'You've got to do this in this way.' Maybe just a gesture or – just *something*. Tiny things but important things. The fans would go, 'You were this part Tom Baker, and that part so and so . . .' and I'm thinking, 'Was I?' Most of the time I was just hangin' on!"

McGann is acutely aware of the popularity of his predecessors, and remembers the programme with affection. "I think, for the first day you're, like, worried that you're the eighth fella to wear the kit! Initially it is a bit intimidating, especially as there's been some good fellas before me. Jon Pertwee was brilliant!" Who does he particularly acknowledge as being a good Doctor? "My favourite was the first; Bill Hartnell. Hartnell was himself, literally, Victorian – born in the 1900's, with something stern and old-fashioned about him." Paul leans over the table, thoughtfully stabbing with his finger at crumbs that litter the surface. I ask whether he believes that you need a certain quality to play the part? "I really don't know. I don't understand how any of it works. I just turn up and do it!"

From the salacious reporting of back-stage bickering in the tabloids, to the sometimes sneering, sometimes sympathetic, articles in the 'quality' papers, the TV Movie had rough passage. One area that was generally avoided, however, was coverage of Paul's own private life. If a series was to follow, they would certainly be less circumspect. How would Paul respond to more intrusive aspects of being the new Doctor? "Again, when I was still considering taking the part, it was something I had to contemplate. I'd never previously been offered anything like that, and certainly nothing that I knew meant that you had to 'wear it' forever. Now I see I shouldn't have been concerned, but up until the time that the film went out, and with the screenings and meeting the fans, I was thinking 'Oh, no! Have I done the right thing?' Really though, I think it's fine. There was nothing to worry about."

'Meeting the fans' has been something Paul has generally avoided so far. What is it that causes him such concern about hopping on to the convention circuit? "It's just because I'm shy, y'know. The convention circuit is huge, particularly in North America – that's where the big fan clubs, and the hard-core of 'die-hard' fans are. The thing is, McCoy and the other guys who played the Doctor have all done conventions and I ain't done any: it's all down to shyness. I ain't done theatre for nine years for the same reason. I just haven't got the bottle! I'm sure, once I was up there, I could make a decent go of it, but the thought of it . . ." He actually shivers as the sentence is left hanging in the air. Will the fans and convention organisers just accept his shyness or does he feel he may be brow-beaten until he attends? "Oh, I don't think so. The fans are very understanding. I've been very pleased and suprised to find that the real fans, the people from the magazine and stuff, have the right amount of 'tongue-in-cheekness' about it. It's great 'cos they love it and they're into it, but it's only a game – they're not going to put someone's nose out of joint! They seem to realise that if I don't want to do something, I won't do it. And recognising that is generally the best way to deal with me. I'm the kid that says 'no' to something for ages then eventually knocks on the door and says, 'Well actually, can I join in?' – y'know? I'll do it in my own time though."

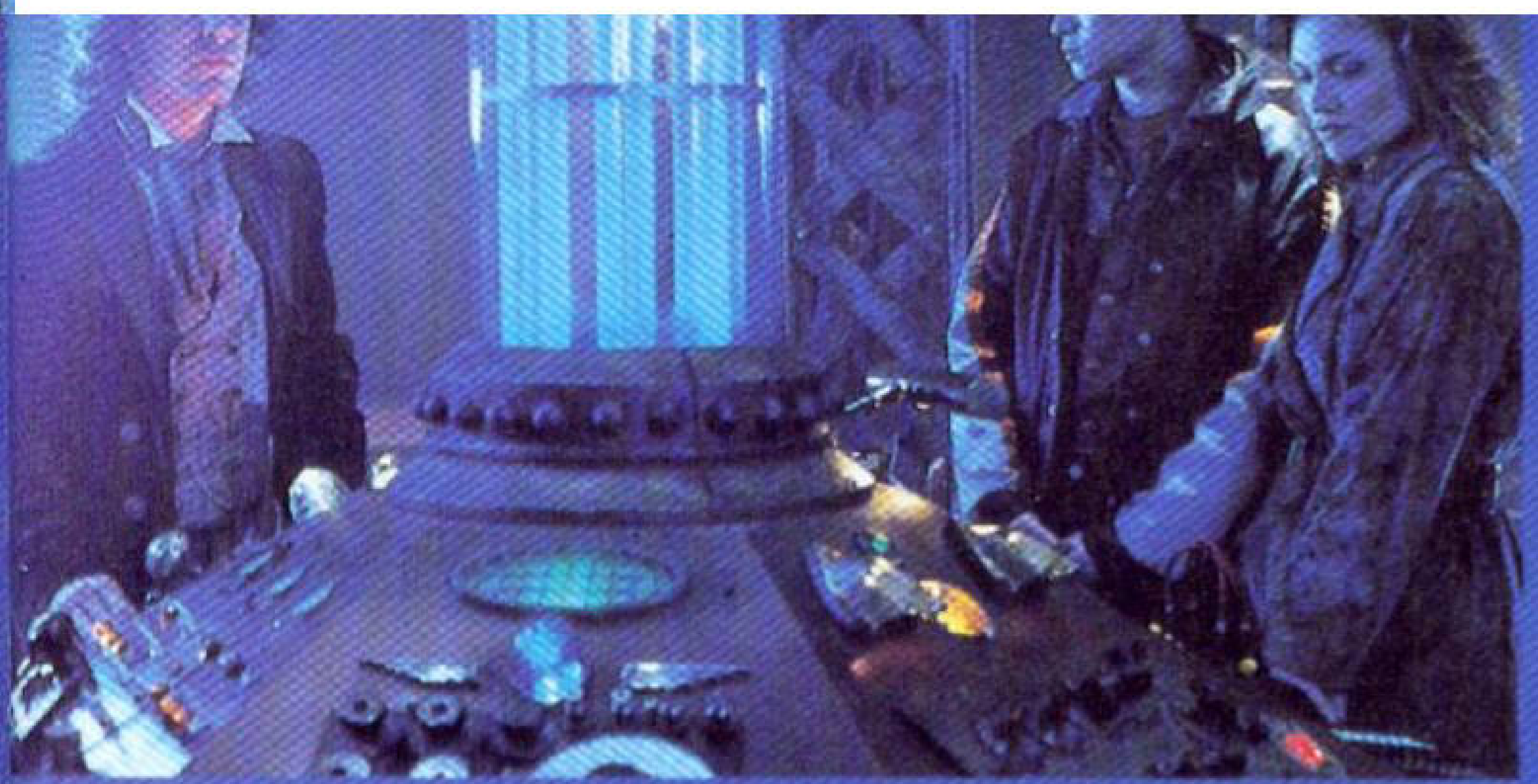
Although still reticent about attending himself, he has respect for anyone that does go along to meet the fans. "It's a skill! McCoy is one of those people who can get up in front of two thousand fans and entertain them for an hour. I can't! I'm alright with a script but, ah . . . anyway, that's the situation." The subject is politely, but firmly, closed.

Before this interview, I'd been warned to expect two things; firstly that McGann might not wish to talk for very long (partly down to the heavy filming schedule of *Downtime*), and secondly that he was trying to put some distance between himself and the role of the Doctor. Every time I pause the interview to insert a new cassette, I expect him to make his apologies and call a halt to the proceedings. His attitude is very different to my expectations. Not only does the interview last for over an hour, but his reflections on his part in *Doctor Who* are lively and full of enthusiasm.

With the future of the programme still in doubt, does he believe that *Doctor Who* should be a cherished memory, or could it still regenerate every so often? "In business terms, by which these things stand and fall, and especially they did this year, it's got a life. I know it's got a life because I've seen the fans! It must be difficult to explain to a child that there's a hundred million fans out there, all dying to see it, but the TV people think that there ain't enough interest to make a film! All they've got to do is make some films, deliver 'em, and people will watch 'em." I point out that we have all heard these discussions before. Just because the argument is based on fautless logic doesn't mean it will be listened to. "One of the inherent advantages of the show is that the character just simply morphs into someone else, another incarnation. *Doctor Who* is unique in TV in that it hasn't been stolen or adapted from literature, it hasn't come from theatre – it's TV born and bred! That's it's pedigree. Who is to say that it can't just carry on as long as there's television?"

**Right:** Two scenes from Paul McGan's new film *Downtime*. Photos © Pilgrim Films Ltd.

McGann has, thus far, avoided the pitfalls of typecasting. Stepping effortlessly from the role of dissolute out-of-work actor in *Withnail and I* to dangerous wannabe-doctor in *Paper Mask*, and beyond, his career has flowed out into many different styles and forms. Will the looming shadow of the Time Lord change all that? "It sounds wilful, as though I'm in control, but it really doesn't reflect the reality of waiting for things to get written, and going up in competition for parts. That's the reality of trying to find work as an actor. The trick really is just to keep going! It's only in retrospect . . . People have said it to me before, y'know, 'Oh, you're so clever!', and all that. Sometimes the only creative power you have is the power of veto!" He acknowledges that his career took off at a time when the British film industry was in slightly better shape. "Certainly around the time of *Paper Mask* there was a lot more stuff around. There was a lot more stuff around for me, anyway. Like in this new film, *Downtime*, I'm doing a lead part in a cinema-released film for the first time in six years! I just ain't been doing any lead parts, but I've done plenty of other parts, so this idea of avoiding typecasting isn't always quite the way it appears."



**Right:** The Doctor Grace and Chang Lee (Yee Jee Tso) take stock after their ordeals . . . Photo © BBC Video

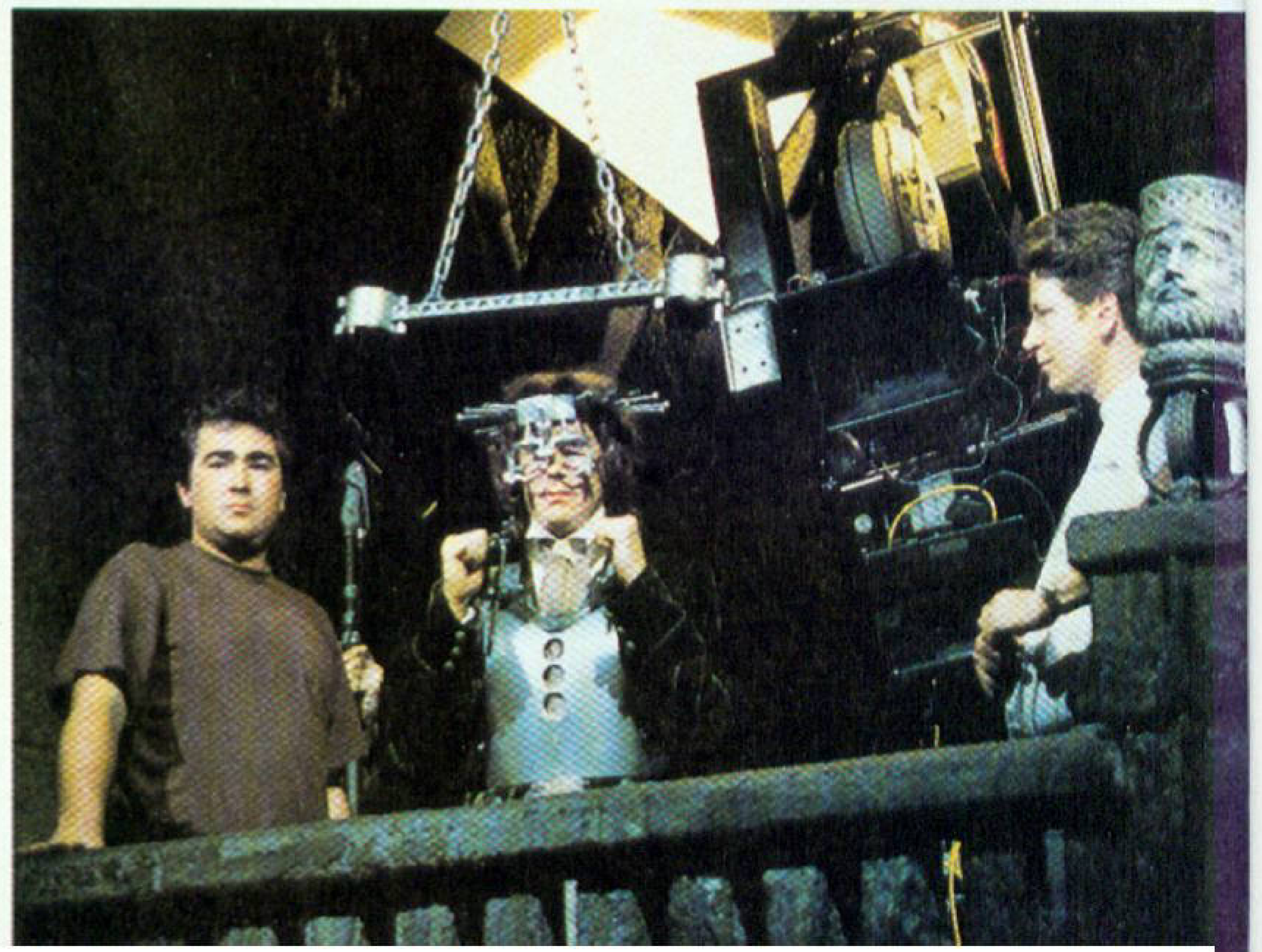
> **"Who is to say that *Doctor Who* can't just carry on as long as there's television?"**

We exchange opinions on the quality of British television, and whether a programme like *Doctor Who* would get past the first post if it were to be submitted as a new idea for a show today. McGann feels that, in general, the qualities that made domestic television programming so strong, and so admired, are long gone. "You used to have things like *Play for Today*, *Playhouse*, *Armchair Theatre*, one-hour dramas. They were great for the writers, great for the producers, great for the directors. The BBC film unit was a fabulous place where all these people could cut their teeth! In a sense it was like a nursery for the film game. One of the first things I did was a kind of drama-documentary for Panorama, with Jonathan Pryce, about the Solidarity uprising – stuff that you just wouldn't see now, because people wouldn't do it! It's not considered commercial enough. Has the audience gone away? No! But the thing is that a lot of programme makers now think that the audience has to be talked down to, but that audience is still the same one that could cope with a Dennis Potter play, or *Doctor Who*, ten years ago!".

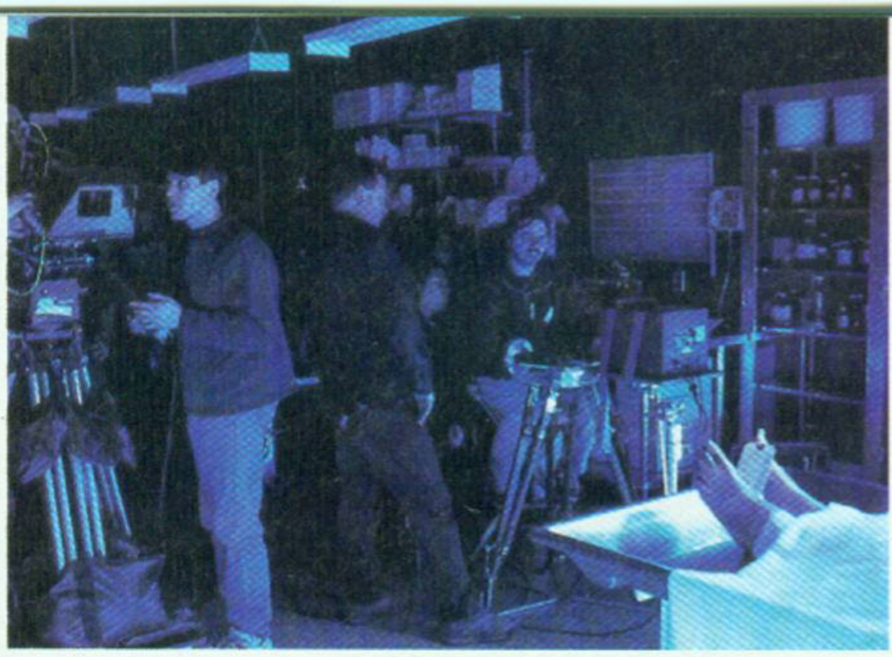
What had been a deserted canteen is now filling up with people. Cast and crew join the queue for lunch, as the chatter of other voices mixes with those of McGann and myself. Within a few minutes, our quiet conversation has to increase in volume to match that of the background noise. Suddenly aware that we have an audience, the interview drifts off into chat and we agree to leave it at that.

I ask Paul one last question: does it bother him that his time in *Doctor Who* may well be over? He thought for a few moments before replying, "It reminds me of the first time I went to the Vatican on a school trip, and you go in and there's all these portraits on the wall of every Pope there ever was, and there's space at the end for several more! It's like, 'Your Photo Here'! *Doctor Who* is set up like that. There's life in it, and if it ain't me that does it, it will certainly be someone else. I don't mind losing out, really. I've had a go and things didn't work out. That was my crack at it and now it'll probably be somebody else . . .

"But like I said, they've still got until Christmas to call me up . . ." ◆



**Below right:** Paul McGann rehearses the climactic scenes in the TARDIS cloister room. Photo © BBC Video



**Right:** Preparing to record the first *Doctor Who* regeneration scene for 9 years . . .

We were in the process of negotiating the rights for the show. If you are launching a new series, it is confusing to the audience and difficult to deal with if something is sandwiched between the old and the new. There were administration changes going on and the BBC needed to find one voice if they were going to move forward." The new Controller of BBC1, Alan Yentob, agreed with Segal about the need to wait for "the big one" and *The Dark Dimension* failed to receive a formal commission. Yentob, at least, saw the truth of those earlier statements of Cregeen and company concerning the BBC's desire to not bring back the series until the right deal was found, the right production team employed and the series shaped into "a vibrant addition to the schedules." Unlike Cregeen, though, Yentob liked the series and, along with a number of senior figures across at Worldwide, thought that much more could be done with *Doctor Who* than just *The Dark Dimension*. So while 'retrospective' projects such as *The Paradise of Death* and *30 Years in the TARDIS* were given the go-ahead, any 'relaunch' programmes such as the anniversary special or the amimation company Nelvana's proposal for a cartoon series were pulled. Yentob's arrival at BBC1 was another key change in the dynamic. As Segal later said of him, "Yentob believes that there is life left in the old Doctor yet. In some ways Yentob is nostalgic, but he is also concerned that *Doctor Who* is not written down to and not be a parody of itself, because that's why it failed in the first place. Alan has been terrific – he is really concerned and has been the one who cared enough to say 'yes'."

> **"This thing is going to be huge!"**
>
> ***Philip Segal , 1996***

As 1994 rolled around, details of the Amblin deal began to leak, although the press confused the story with the varied and ridiculous casting rumours associated with the Green Light and Lumiere film projects, and latched onto the name of Amblin head Steven Spielberg for their stories – despite the fact that he had no hands-on involvement with the project whatsoever. Unfortunately, the reporters thought they had the perfect angle for their copy, as the world's most successful big-budget fantasy director takes on the UK's most well-loved and homey adventure series. This deliberate confusion continued even when Segal left Amblin to work for Paramount, negotiating a separate contract to develop *Doctor Who* for Universal. It was a personal crusade, and the deal would not proceed without him. A BBC press release finally confirmed movement on the co-production in March.

Universal's contribution to the budget for a new series was contingent upon a major US network buying the screening rights. In late spring 1994 the series was considered by Peter Toricini of CBS. The pitch and the push came almost exclusively from Segal, described at the time by Worldwide as "the man who has made this happen. He has convinced everyone of the likely success of a new series of *Doctor Who*. Now he only has to convince a network." CBS "opted out" by the end of June. The only remaining US network left with any interest was Fox. So far, two pilot scripts had been tried and abandoned, and dozens of network executives had struggled with a confusing guide to the series compiled by Segal – his 'bible' – before dismissing it as "gobbledegook".

At Fox, however, the missing piece fell into place. At first, Fox had no more interest in a series than any other network, but Segal met the vice president responsible for stand-alone movie production – an Englishman, Trevor Walton, who knew the series well. Walton asked for a new script – "a simple story to allow a new audience to get to know the Doctor," as Segal later put it – and Matthew Jacobs was signed up to write it. BBC Worldwide, Universal and Fox drew up their final contract and budgets in early 1995. Segal had already been busy for more than a year trying to persuade British actor Paul McGann to take the lead.

WIN!
MOVIE SPECIAL
FREE!

The rest was almost easy in comparison to what had gone before. McGann was persuaded. Fox were happy with the new script. Studio time was booked in Vancouver. Eric Roberts accepted the role of the Master as part of a multi-film package agreed with Fox.

ardian

Filming of Doctor Who movie almost complete; transmission dates still subject to speculation

He's back!

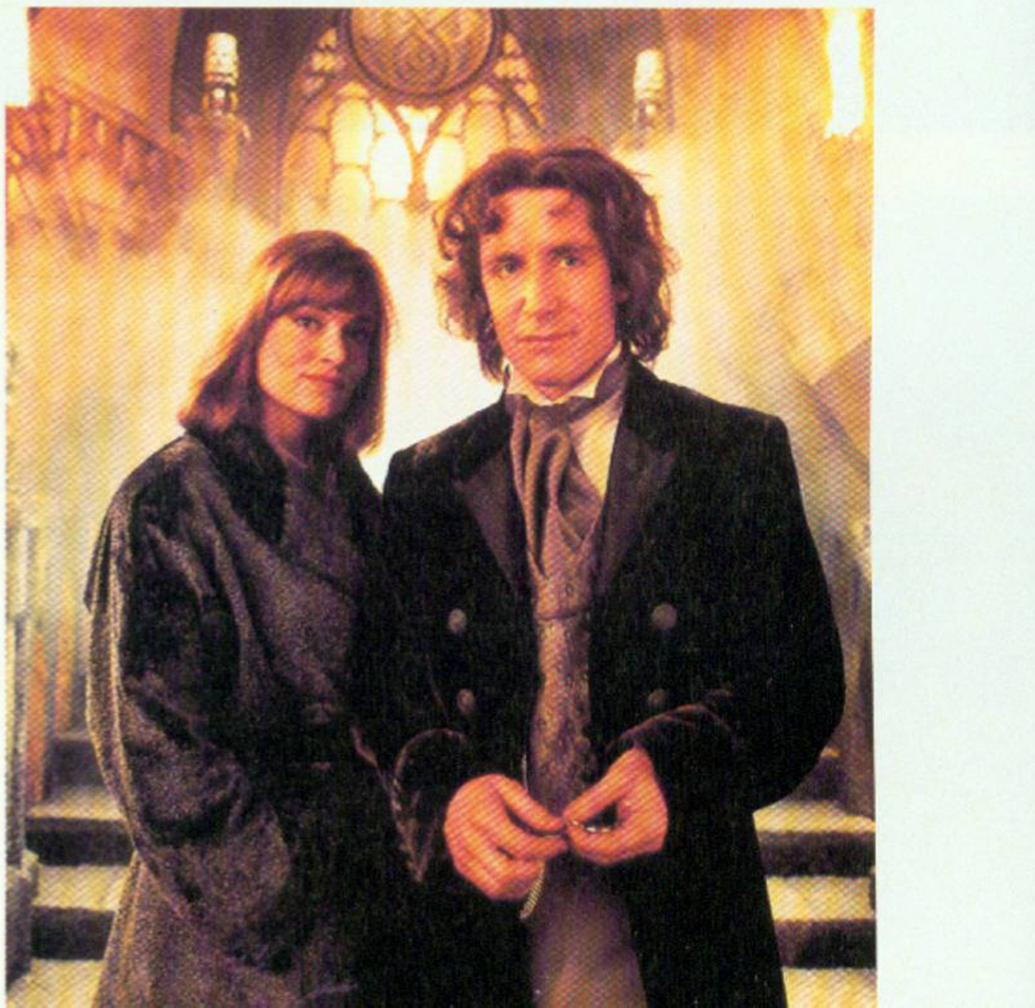
It is important to appreciate the special set of circumstances that brought *Doctor Who* back to our screens. For it to happen, it took the teaming of Philip Segal's fannish enthusiasm and impressive CV, Tony Greenwood's desire to not let *Doctor Who* slip away from the core of Worldwide's portfolio, Alan Yentob's nostalgic fondness for the series and his instinct that TV science fiction was coming back into favour, and Trevor Walton's knowledge of and faith in the show. This situation could be compared to that of four planets swinging into a unique alignment. It had taken seven years for all these separate factors to drop into place, and without Segal's long-term and very personal commitment over that period, the opportunity would have been missed completely.

So in January 1996 cameras rolled on the first new episode of *Doctor Who* to be made in almost seven years. The Fox network fixed a transmission date for early May, while the BBC considered first an autumn broadcast before settling on the late May Bank Holiday. The publicity machines were rolled in and charged-up. Segal hoped the arrival of his film would be trumpeted by near-saturation press coverage in Britain and the States. Other overseas sales of the film had already been confirmed. "This thing is going to be huge!" was Segal's catchphrase for the first part of the year.

*Doctor Who* was on its way back to the top. It was now almost certain to become not just the UK's, but the *world's* top fantasy show.

Almost . . . but not quite.

**Next month: *DWM* presents a detailed and informed analysis of the performance and public popularity of the TV Movie, and considers how this has affected attitudes to the series at the BBC, BBC Worldwide and Fox. We also catch up with some more of the key figures in *Doctor Who*'s recent history, and talk to those who are now left to rule on *Doctor Who*'s future. And finally, we'll try to answer the most important question of all: When does the new series start?**



**Right:** Paul McGann and Daphne Ashbrook in as the Doctor and Grace in the new 1996 *Doctor Who* TV Movie. Photos © BBC Video

# Gallifrey Guardian

## *Doctor Who* wins major 'people's choice' award!

**On Sunday 3rd November Sylvester McCoy and Peter Davison accepted the 'Favourite Popular Drama' award on behalf of *Doctor Who* at the *Auntie's All-Time Greats* birthday party and award ceremony – the focal point of the BBC's *TV60* season.**

*Doctor Who* was one of 12 nominees selected for a telephone vote launched in an edition of *Auntie's TV Favourites*, a series of celebratory specials which offered an opportunity for viewers to vote for their favourite programmes, presenters and performers in 11 categories. The list of nominees was compiled by "television writers and senior industry figures" and also included *All Creatures Great and Small*, *Ballykissangel*, *Bergerac*, *Casualty*, *Colditz*, *EastEnders*, *The Onedin Line*, *When the Boat Comes In* and *Z Cars*. Telephone lines for voting were open between midnight on 30th September and the same time on 13th October. Callers were charged 10 pence for the chance to vote.

With *Doctor Who* now confirmed as the nation's favourite drama series produced during the BBC's 60 years of television broadcasting, pressure must surely increase on BBC management to make some clear statement on the future of the series. **DWM** will certainly be using the vote as a starting point for a dialogue with BBC chiefs on this subject – and we hope to bring you news in the second part of our *Gallifrey Guardian* special feature *The mourning after* next issue

## *The Eight Doctors* confirmed to launch new BBC books

**The first book in the BBC's range of 'New Adventures' novels will be The Eight Doctors by popular Doctor Who novelist and former script editor Terrance Dicks.**

The book will be published in June and is designed to introduce new readers – that is, those joining the range from their reading the BBC's novelisation of the TV Movie rather than the Virgin *New Adventures* – to the Doctor's earlier incarnations and the general history of the show. The storyline features the Doctor having to retrace his path through time to restore his memory after it is wiped by the Master. New readers should then feel more confident about sampling books from the BBC's other range of books, which feature the 'unseen' adventures of the first seven Doctors.

The story will also introduce the new companion specially created for the range – Samantha, or 'Sam' for short – who will be further developed in the second novel, *Vampire Science* by Kate Orman and Jonathan Blum. The third story, as yet untitled, comes from new *Doctor Who* writer Mark Morris, who has previously worked for other imprints at BBC Books.

The second monthly range also launches in June with luridly-titled *The Devil Goblins from Neptune* by Martin Day and Keith Topping, which features the Third Doctor, Liz and the Brigadier. Later novels include (although not necessarily in this order): *Murder Games* by Steve Lyons, in which the Second Doctor, Ben and Polly find themselves in a bizarre, futuristic murder-mystery holiday; *The Ultimate Treasure* by Christopher Bulis, with the Fifth Doctor and Peri; and *Illegal Alien* by Mike Tucker and Robert Perry – a World War II story featuring the Seventh Doctor and Ace battling Cybermen, which was once considered as a possible TV serial by Andrew Cartmel, *Doctor Who*'s final BBC script editor.

Confirmed non-fiction includes, in June, the large-format *Book of Monsters* by David J Howe – a compendium of information concerning the Doctor's foes, lavishly illustrated with photographs and design drawings. October will see the publication of the *Book of Lists* by Justin Richards and Andrew Martin – a collection of light-hearted trivia and curious *Doctor Who* facts.

## Clips from lost stories discovered

Television vaults in Australia have yielded a range of brief excerpts from *Doctor Who* episodes missing from the BBC archives, including *The Smugglers*, *The Highlanders*, *The Macra Terror* and *Fury from the Deep*. The material concerned was cut by the Australian Board of Film Censors to make the episodes more acceptable for their audience; the recovered material therefore represents a bizarre collection of hangings, stabbings, injections and assorted deaths. Most of the clips last for no more than a few seconds, but a sequence of almost one minute in duration from Episode Two of *Fury from the Deep* has been recovered. The material is all on 16mm black and white film and it is hoped that it will be returned to the BBC soon. We'll bring you a detailed breakdown of the footage recovered next issue.

### Convention news

Manopticon 5 will be the first big convention of 1997, and will take place over the Bank Holiday weekend of Sunday 4th and Monday 5th May at the Hotel Piccadilly in Manchester. The Manopticon conventions are famous for being among the most entertaining and innovative on the circuit, and have previously featured the British debut appearances of such names as Caroline John, Peter Purves and Philip Segal. Expect a varied and lively guest list! Write to ManoptiCon 5, 22 Seven Acres Lane, Rochdale, Lancs OL12 7RL for further information. Don't miss it!

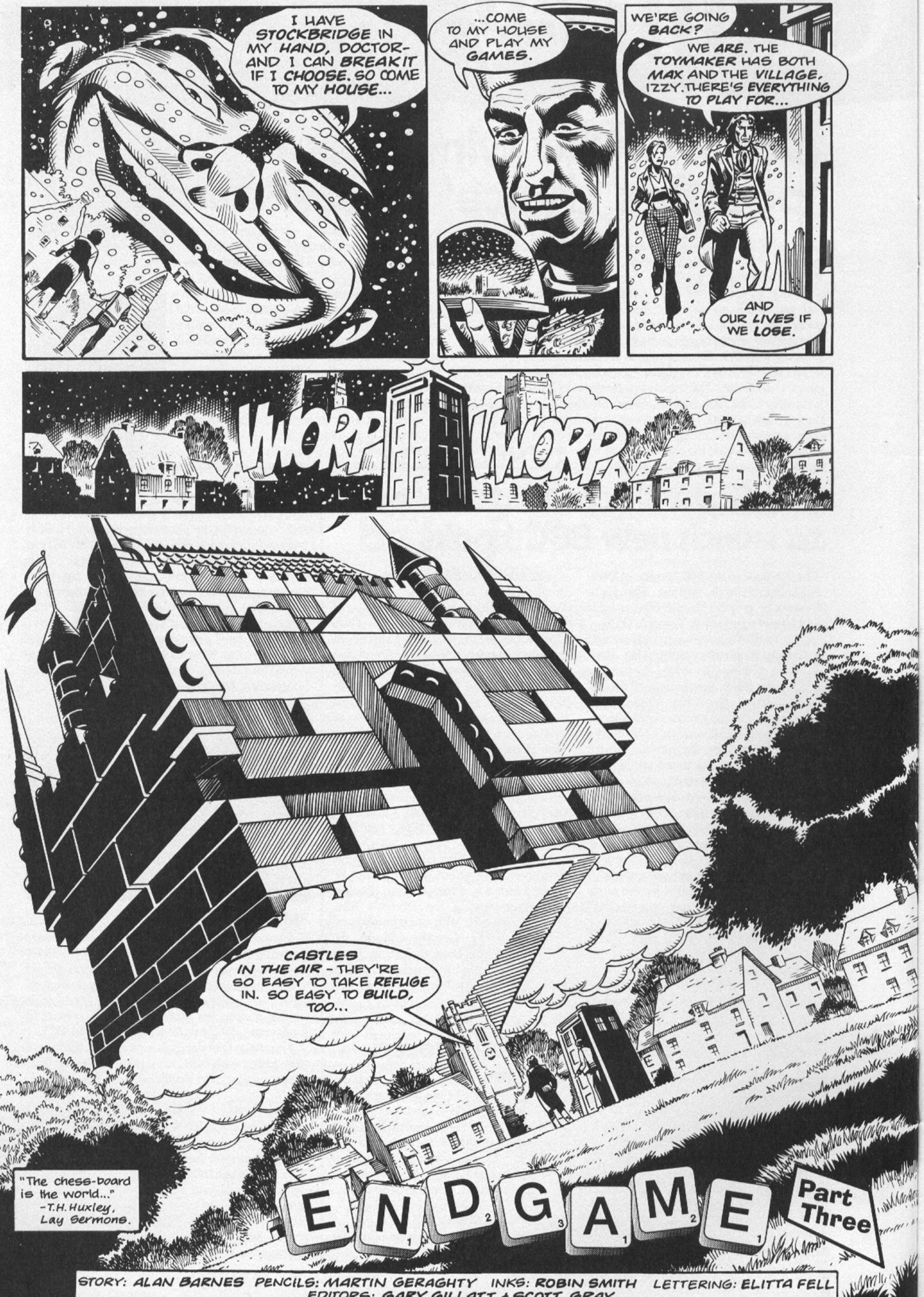
### New merchandise

IB Productions has launched a range of attractive frameable A3 photographic art prints. Each features an atmospheric picture of the TARDIS standing in a different location, such as on a beach, floating on a lake, in a corn circle and in a rocky wilderness (shown above). For more information, contact IB Productions, 83 Edith Road, London W14 OTJ.

New from Eurodesign is a range of large-format story prints, each based on a popular *Doctor Who* adventure. For more details, see page two.

### Beryl Reid

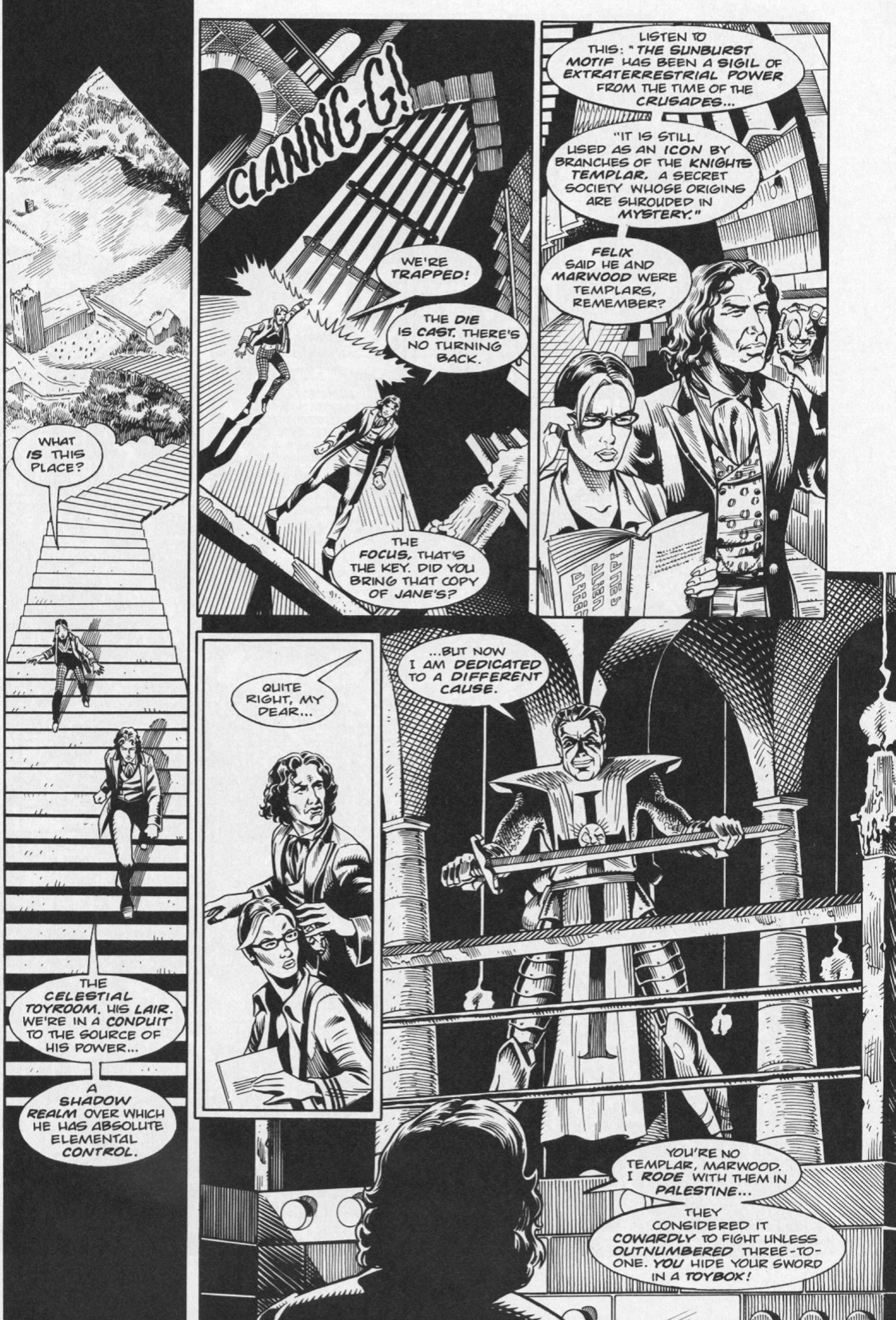
*Outside the spaceship* is taking a month off, but it remains our sad duty to notify readers of the death of Beryl Reid on 13th October, at the age of 76. As part of a long and prestigious career as one of the country's leading actresses in both comedy and straight drama, Beryl took the role of Captain Briggs in the 1982 serial *Earthshock*.

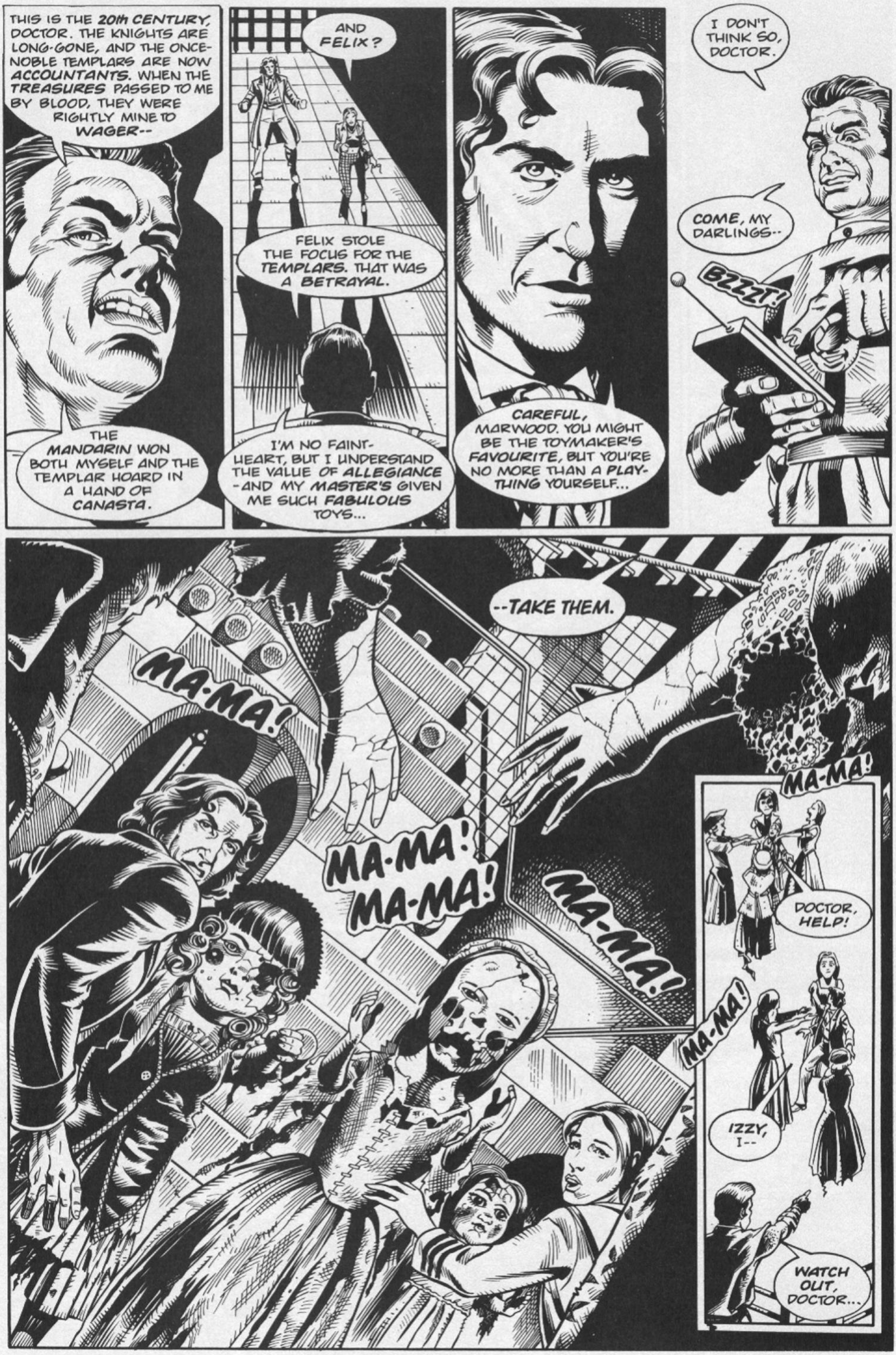

I HAVE STOCKBRIDGE IN MY HAND, DOCTOR- AND I CAN BREAK IT IF I CHOOSE. SO COME TO MY HOUSE...
...COME TO MY HOUSE AND PLAY MY GAMES.
WE'RE GOING BACK?
WE ARE. THE TOYMAKER HAS BOTH MAX AND THE VILLAGE, IZZY. THERE'S EVERYTHING TO PLAY FOR...
AND OUR LIVES IF WE LOSE.
VWORP
VWORP
CASTLES IN THE AIR - THEY'RE SO EASY TO TAKE REFUGE IN. SO EASY TO BUILD, TOO...

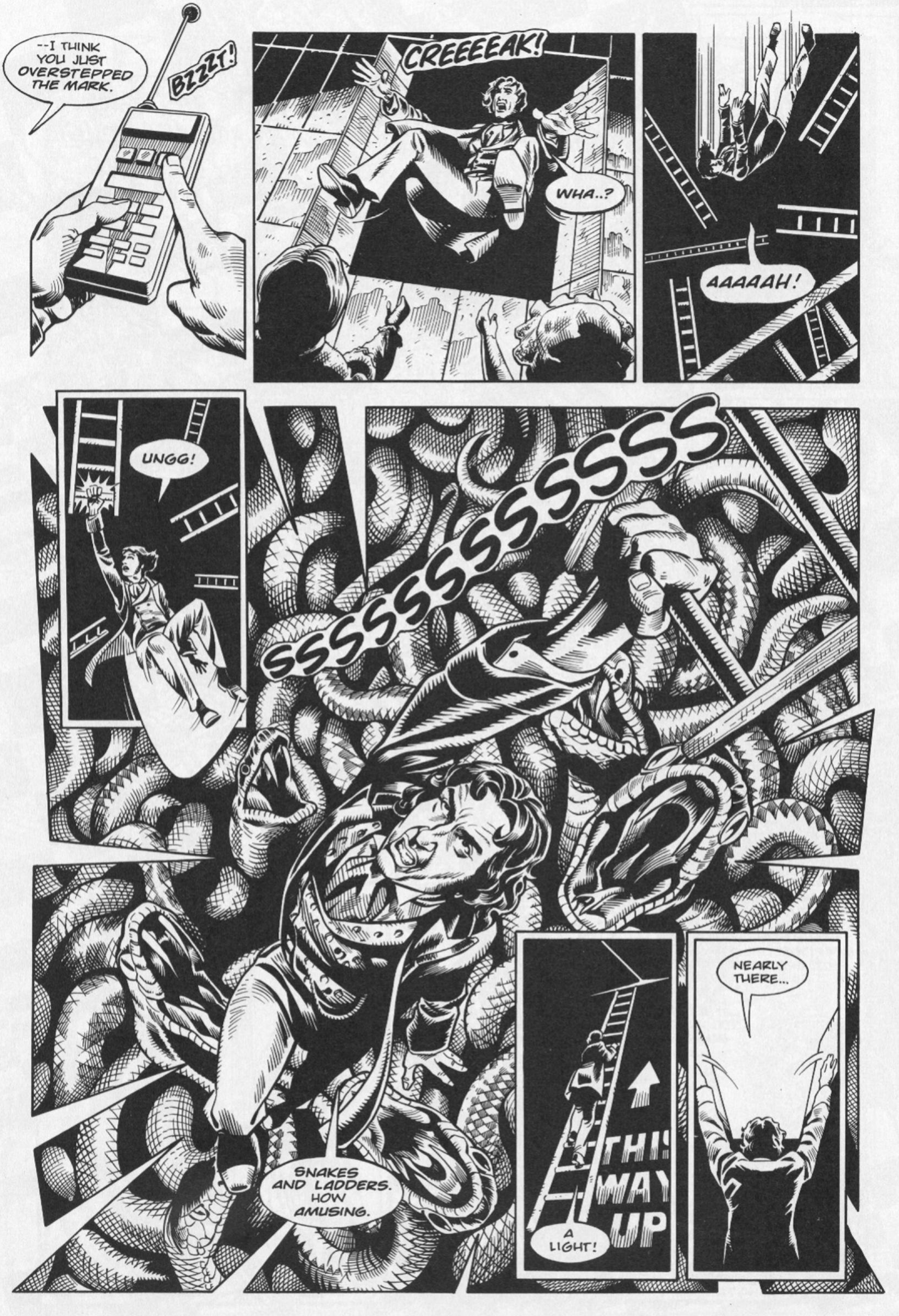
"The chess-board is the world..."
-T.H. Huxley, Lay Sermons.

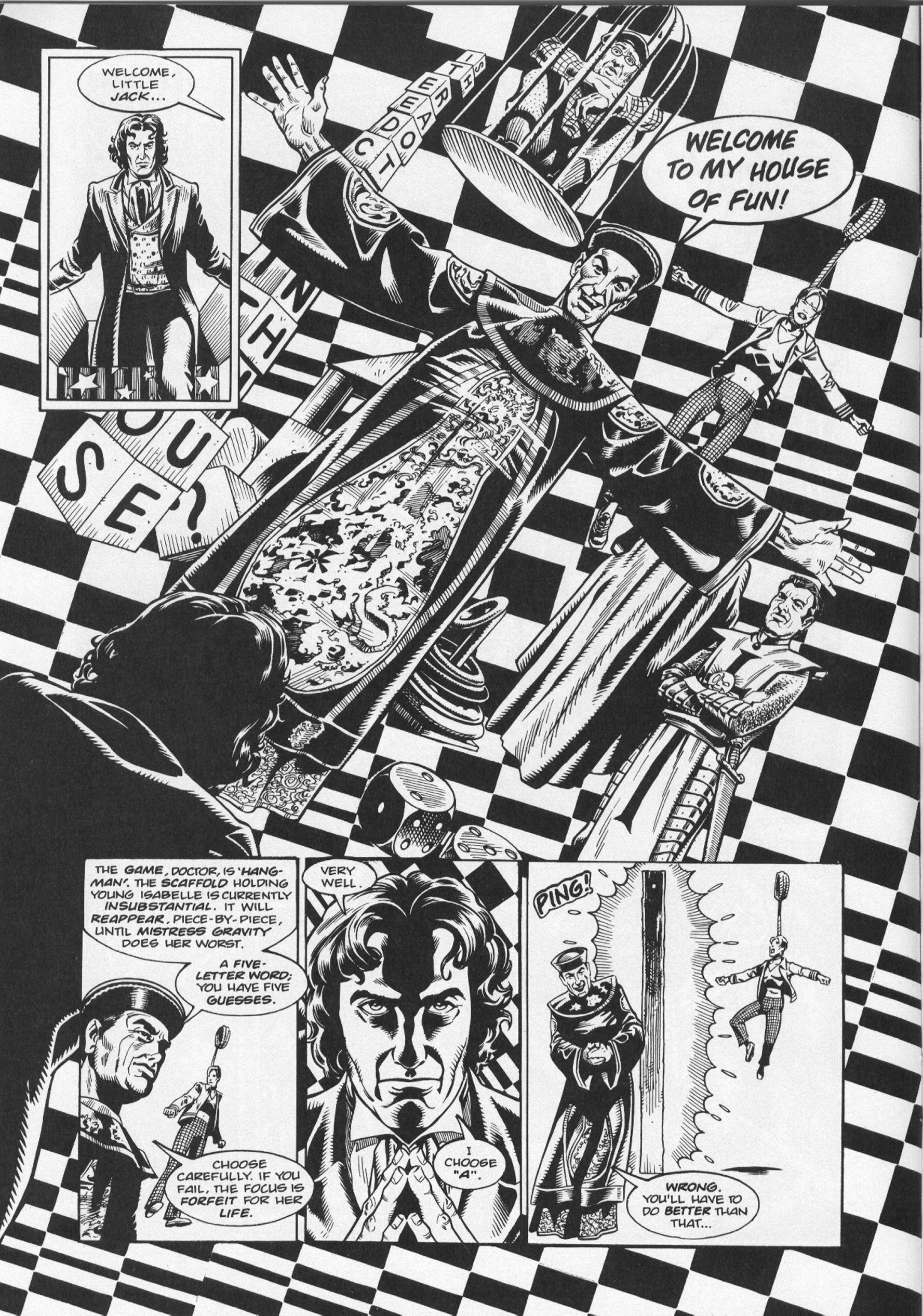
# ENDGAME
## Part Three

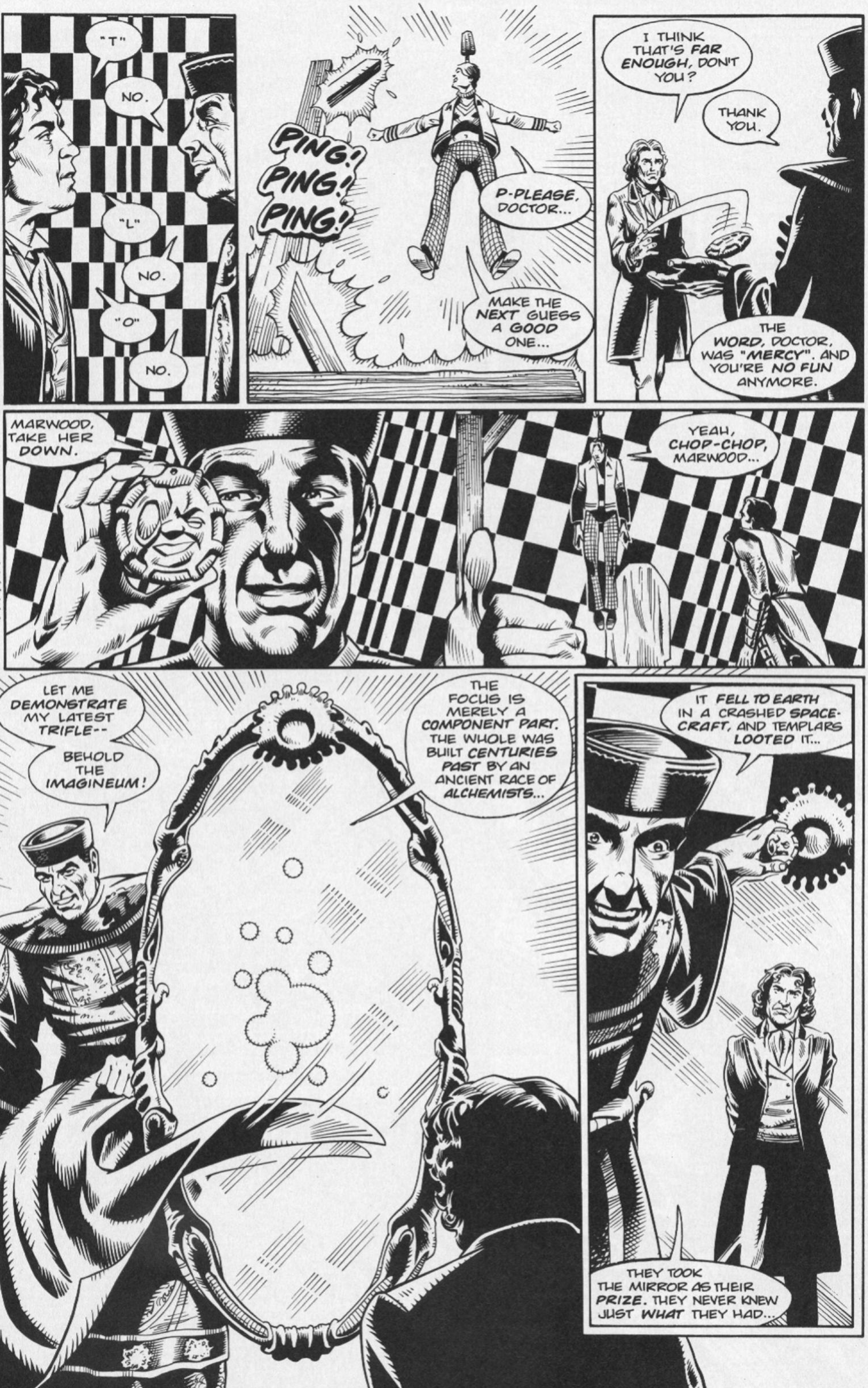
STORY: ALAN BARNES PENCILS: MARTIN GERAGHTY INKS: ROBIN SMITH LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY

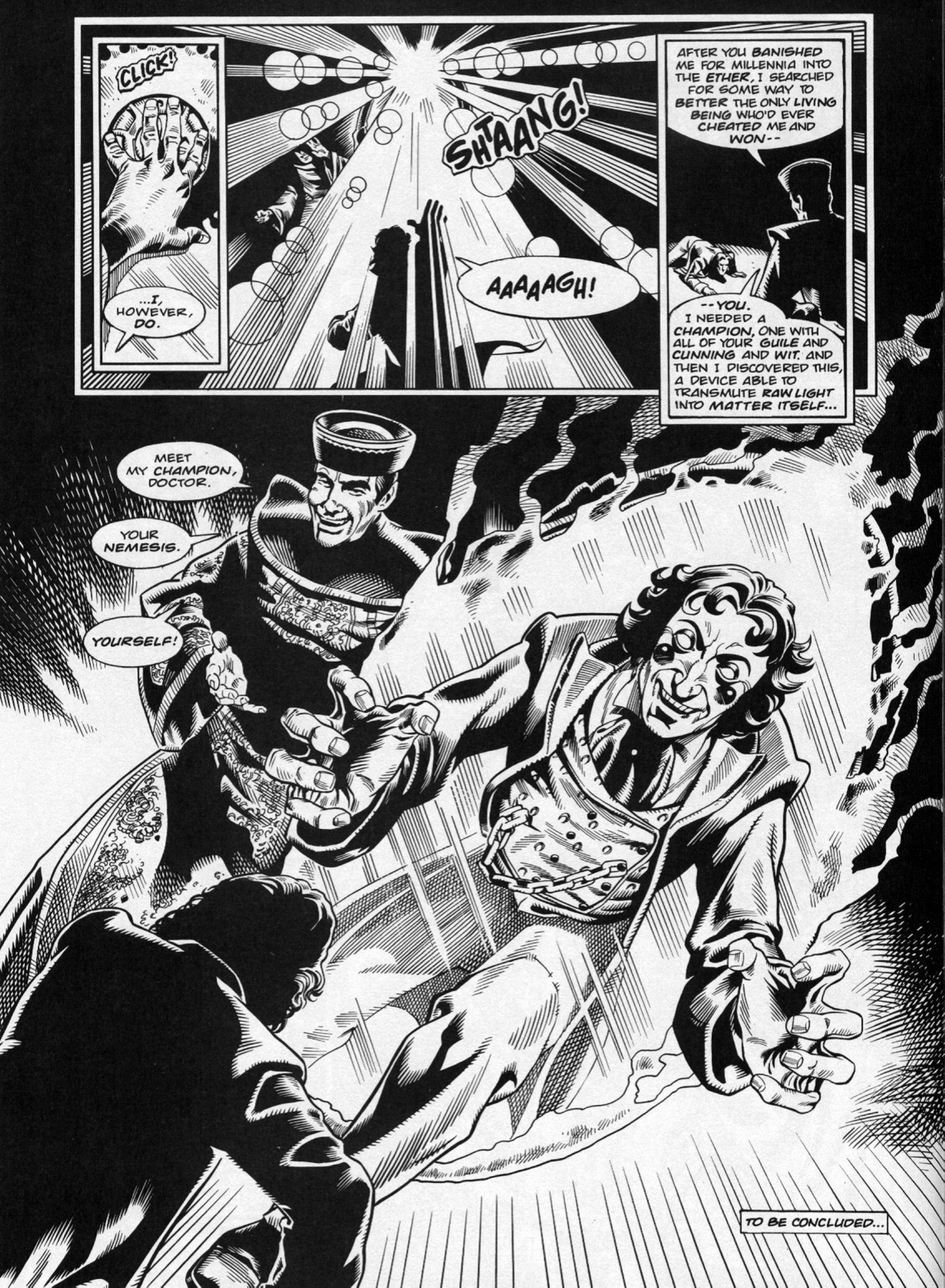

WHAT *IS* THIS PLACE?
THE *CELESTIAL TOYROOM*. HIS *LAIR*. WE'RE IN A *CONDUIT* TO THE SOURCE OF HIS POWER...
A *SHADOW REALM* OVER WHICH HE HAS ABSOLUTE ELEMENTAL *CONTROL*.
CLANNG-G!
WE'RE *TRAPPED!*
THE *DIE* IS *CAST*. THERE'S NO TURNING BACK.
THE *FOCUS*, THAT'S THE KEY. DID YOU BRING THAT COPY OF *JANE'S*?
LISTEN TO THIS: "*THE SUNBURST MOTIF* HAS BEEN A *SIGIL* OF *EXTRATERRESTRIAL POWER* FROM THE TIME OF THE *CRUSADES*...
"IT IS STILL USED AS AN *ICON* BY BRANCHES OF THE *KNIGHTS TEMPLAR*. A SECRET SOCIETY WHOSE ORIGINS ARE SHROUDED IN *MYSTERY*."
*FELIX* SAID HE AND *MARWOOD* WERE TEMPLARS, REMEMBER?
QUITE RIGHT, MY DEAR...
...BUT NOW I AM *DEDICATED* TO A *DIFFERENT CAUSE*.
YOU'RE NO TEMPLAR, MARWOOD. I *RODE* WITH THEM IN *PALESTINE*...
THEY CONSIDERED IT *COWARDLY* TO FIGHT UNLESS *OUTNUMBERED* THREE-TO-ONE. *YOU* HIDE YOUR SWORD IN A *TOYBOX!*


THIS IS THE 20th CENTURY, DOCTOR. THE KNIGHTS ARE LONG-GONE, AND THE ONCE-NOBLE TEMPLARS ARE NOW ACCOUNTANTS. WHEN THE TREASURES PASSED TO ME BY BLOOD, THEY WERE RIGHTLY MINE TO WAGER--
THE MANDARIN WON BOTH MYSELF AND THE TEMPLAR HOARD IN A HAND OF CANASTA.
AND FELIX?
FELIX STOLE THE FOCUS FOR THE TEMPLARS. THAT WAS A BETRAYAL.
I'M NO FAINT-HEART, BUT I UNDERSTAND THE VALUE OF ALLEGIANCE -AND MY MASTER'S GIVEN ME SUCH FABULOUS TOYS...
CAREFUL, MARWOOD. YOU MIGHT BE THE TOYMAKER'S FAVOURITE, BUT YOU'RE NO MORE THAN A PLAYTHING YOURSELF...
I DON'T THINK SO, DOCTOR.
COME, MY DARLINGS..
BZZZT!
--TAKE THEM.
MA-MA!
MA-MA!
MA-MA!
MA-MA!
MA-MA!
MA-MA!
MA-MA!
DOCTOR, HELP!
IZZY, I--
WATCH OUT, DOCTOR...


--I THINK YOU JUST OVERSTEPPED THE MARK.
BZZZT!
CREEEEAK!
WHA..?
AAAAAH!
UNGG!
SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS
SNAKES AND LADDERS. HOW AMUSING.
A LIGHT!
THIS WAY UP
NEARLY THERE...


WELCOME, LITTLE JACK...
IS THERE A DOCT
IN TH
OU
SE?
WELCOME TO MY HOUSE OF FUN!
THE GAME, DOCTOR, IS 'HANGMAN'. THE SCAFFOLD HOLDING YOUNG ISABELLE IS CURRENTLY INSUBSTANTIAL. IT WILL REAPPEAR, PIECE-BY-PIECE, UNTIL MISTRESS GRAVITY DOES HER WORST.
A FIVE-LETTER WORD; YOU HAVE FIVE GUESSES.
CHOOSE CAREFULLY. IF YOU FAIL, THE FOCUS IS FORFEIT FOR HER LIFE.
VERY WELL.
I CHOOSE "A".
PING!
WRONG. YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT...


"T"
NO.
"L"
NO.
"O"
NO.
PING! PING! PING!
P-PLEASE, DOCTOR...
MAKE THE NEXT GUESS A GOOD ONE...
I THINK THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, DON'T YOU?
THANK YOU.
THE WORD, DOCTOR, WAS "MERCY". AND YOU'RE NO FUN ANYMORE.
MARWOOD, TAKE HER DOWN.
YEAH, CHOP-CHOP, MARWOOD...
LET ME DEMONSTRATE MY LATEST TRIFLE--
BEHOLD THE IMAGINEUM!
THE FOCUS IS MERELY A COMPONENT PART. THE WHOLE WAS BUILT CENTURIES PAST BY AN ANCIENT RACE OF ALCHEMISTS...
IT FELL TO EARTH IN A CRASHED SPACECRAFT, AND TEMPLARS LOOTED IT...
THEY TOOK THE MIRROR AS THEIR PRIZE. THEY NEVER KNEW JUST WHAT THEY HAD...


CLICK!
...I, HOWEVER, DO.
SHTAANG!
AAAAAGH!
AFTER YOU BANISHED ME FOR MILLENNIA INTO THE ETHER, I SEARCHED FOR SOME WAY TO BETTER THE ONLY LIVING BEING WHO'D EVER CHEATED ME AND WON--
--YOU. I NEEDED A CHAMPION, ONE WITH ALL OF YOUR GUILE AND CUNNING AND WIT. AND THEN I DISCOVERED THIS, A DEVICE ABLE TO TRANSMUTE RAW LIGHT INTO MATTER ITSELF...
MEET MY CHAMPION, DOCTOR.
YOUR NEMESIS.
YOURSELF!
TO BE CONCLUDED...

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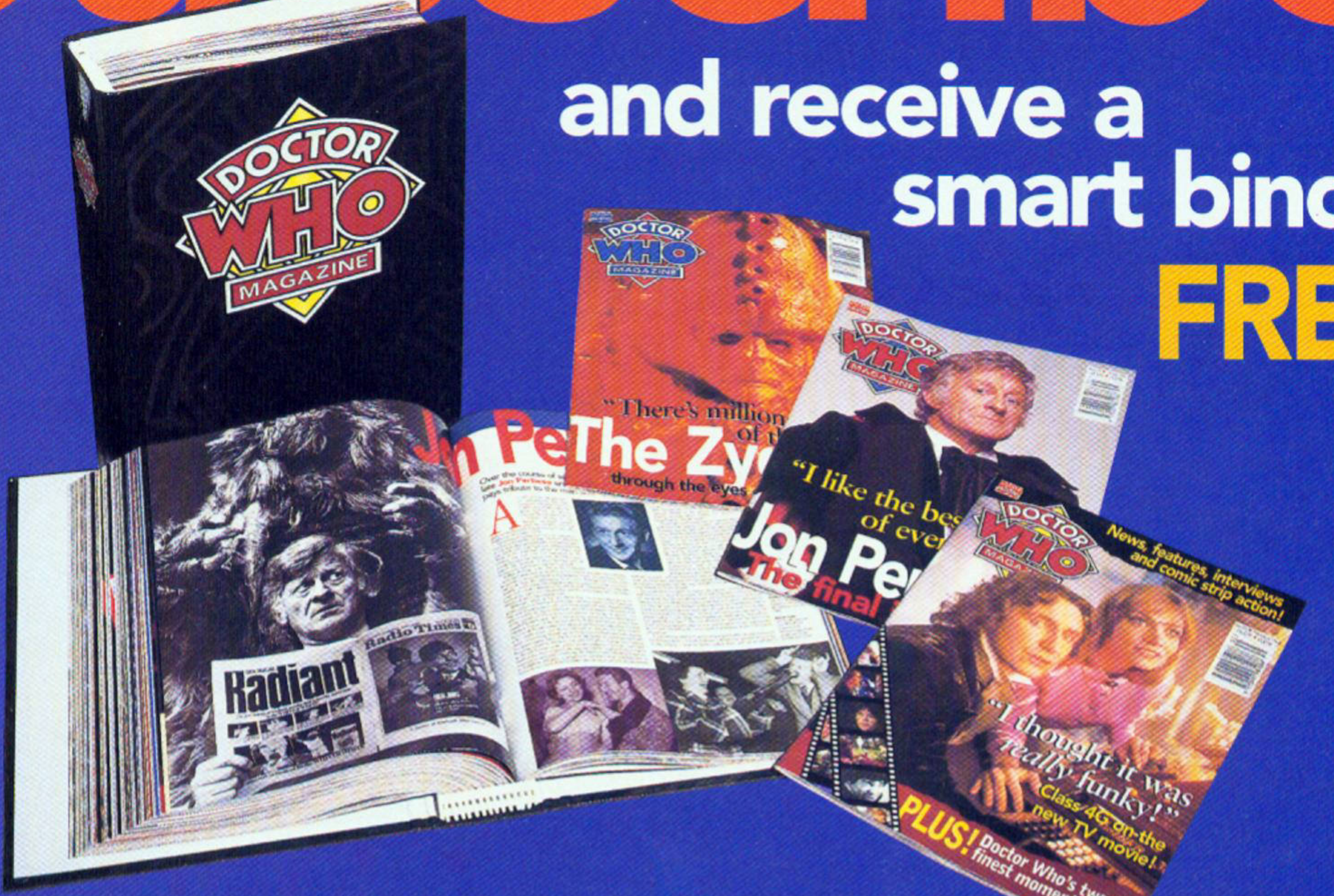
DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
"There's million of th
The Zy
through the eyes
Jon Pe
"I like the bes of ever
Jon Pe
The final
News, features, interviews and comic strip action!
"I thought it was really funky!"
Class 4G on the new TV movie!
PLUS! Doctor Who's twenty finest moments
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# PanoptiCon '96

It's that time again! PanoptiCon '96 took place recently in Coventry – and DWM made its presence felt in a variety of ways. **Peter Griffiths** reports on this successful fan-fest, and tells you exactly what you missed if you couldn't be there . . .

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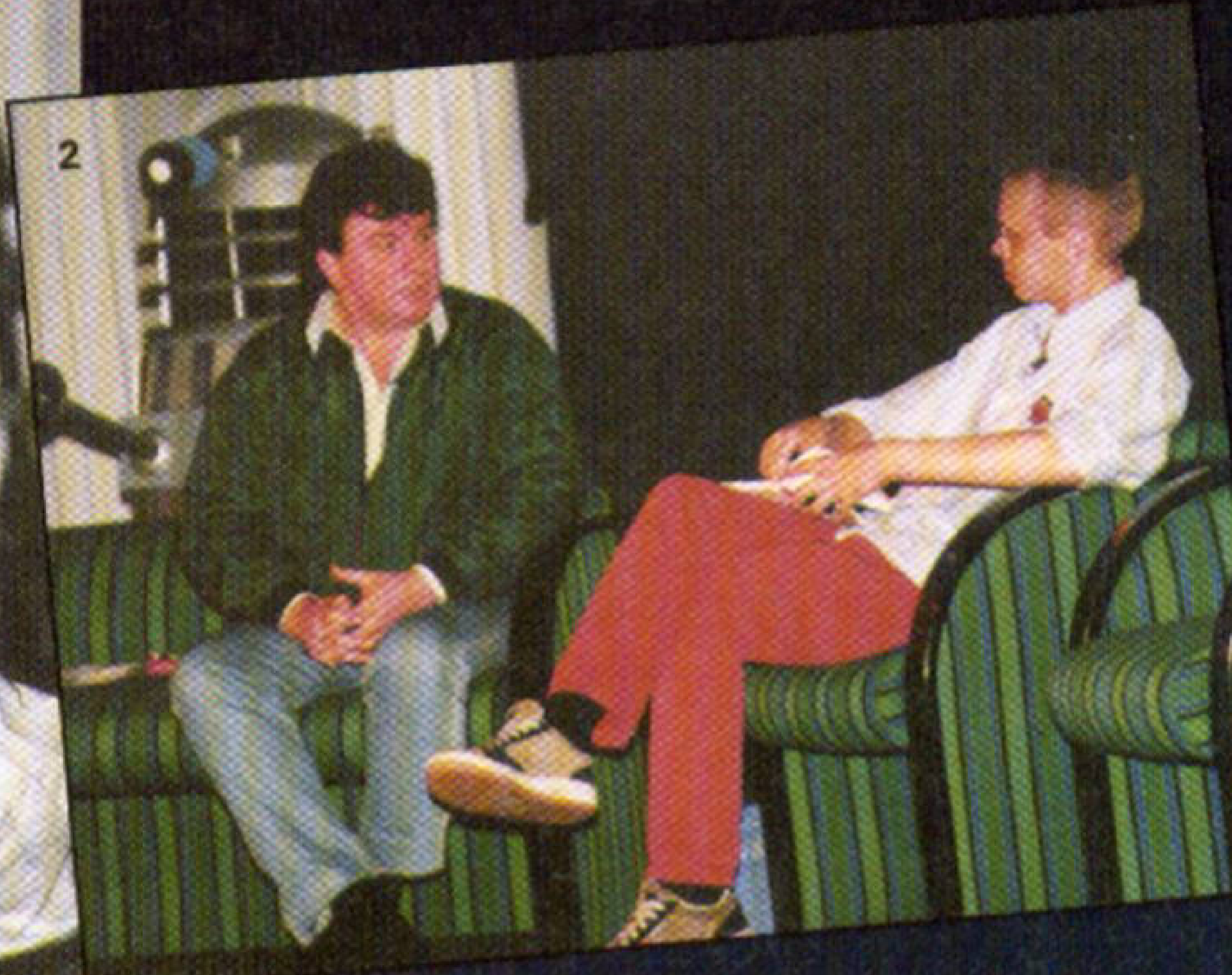

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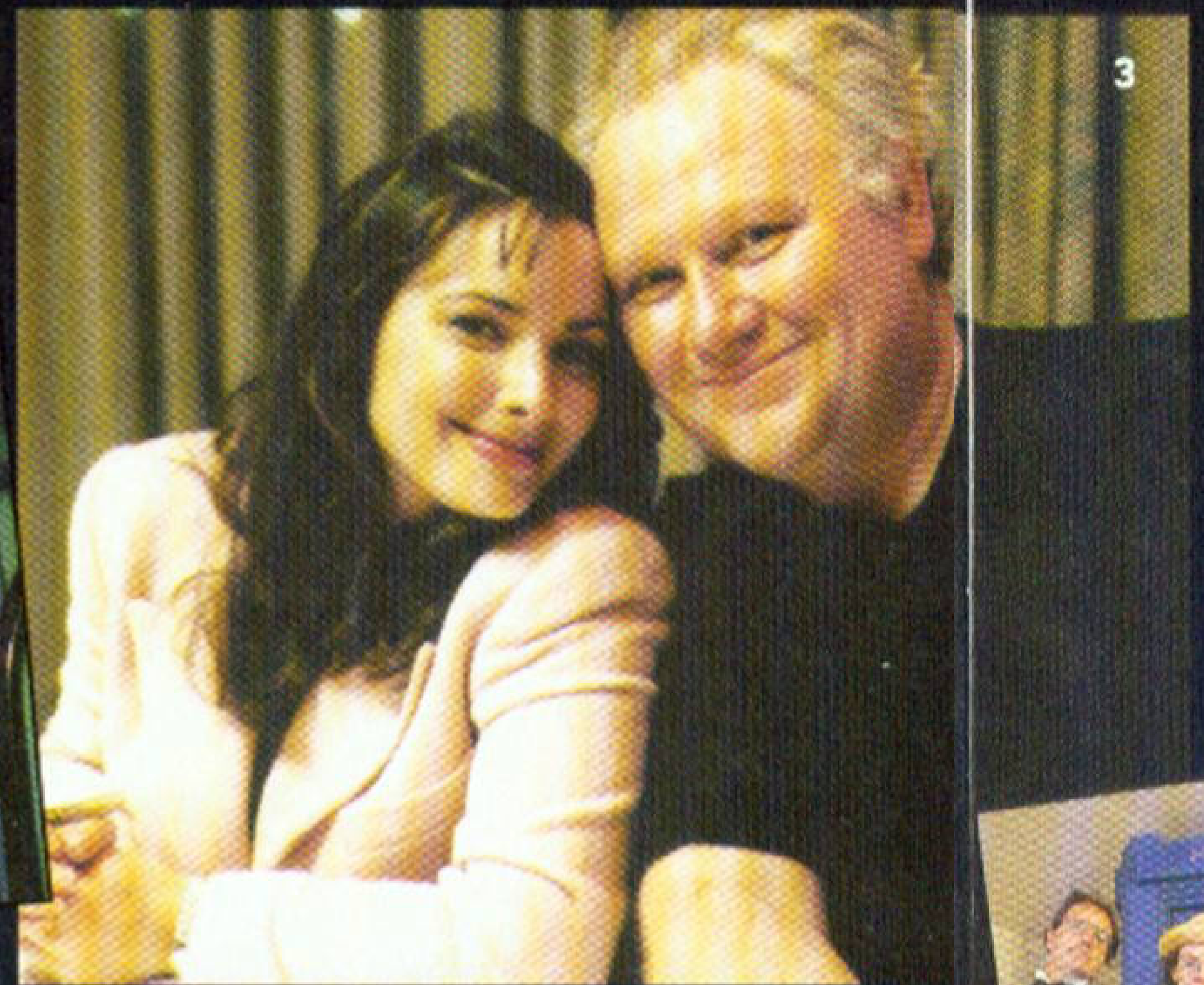

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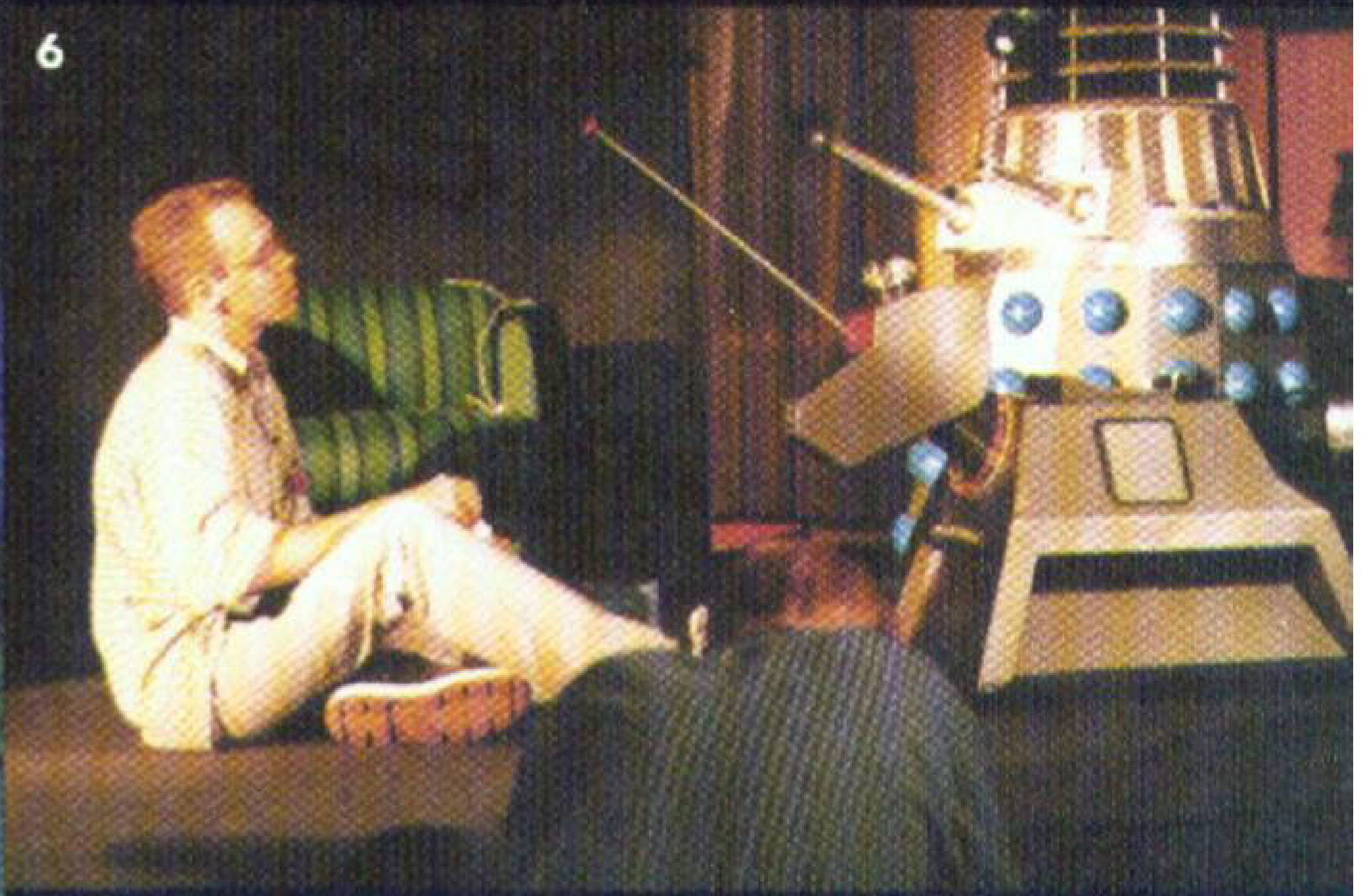

It's a funny thing about conventions. You can attend year after year, see all the same guests, get all the same autographs, peruse all the same merchandise – and yet they continue to be a major draw. Perhaps it's the knowledge that this, finally, will be the year you'll ask Wendy Padbury herself about her kilt falling off in front of the vicar. Maybe it's the social aspect. Or it could just be the slightly bizarre sense of belonging that comes from being surrounded by 700 fans. Whatever it is, it keeps you coming back.

PanoptiCon '96 felt both familiar and fresh. It was familiar in all the best ways – a fan-friendly group of entertaining guests, the fairly smart Hotel Leofric in Coventry (for the sixth year), the established mix of interviews, autographing and videos. Within the established format, however, the changes were being rung. Chief amongst these was major input, for the first time, from **Doctor Who Magazine.**

Right! Now the formal intro is out of the way, we can get down to the real business of conventions – fun! You know, good entertainment. Everyone gorging themselves silly on *Doctor Who* for two whole days (sounds scary, I know – actually, I guess it is) and just enjoying being a fan of the best TV programme ever. October 5th and 6th belonged to us. These were *our* days.

We all know about The Buzz, that sense of anticipation that grows in the days beforehand. It is a fact that 99% of attendees get excited prior to a convention, and the other 1% are liars. This year The Buzz was squashed inside *this* little red wagon for Wednesday and Thursday, manifested itself in a bit of wild dancing and jigging about at lunchtime on Friday, and then retreated, momentarily sated, only to rear up somewhere on the 8:45pm London Euston to Coventry and eventually join the Collective Buzz in the hotel bar.

Ah, the bar. It was, as with every convention, the centre of the universe. When I walked in, I found friends I'd seen only the previous week, more I hadn't seen in half a year, and even spotted Wendy Padbury (Zoe) and Nicola Bryant (Peri) mingling and enjoying a drink. Fanzines were changing hands amid animated discussion, a member or three of the convention committee were having trouble focussing, and someone nearby was banging out the incidental music to *City of Death* on the piano. You couldn't pay for that kind of atmosphere.

But I digress. This year's PanoptiCon wasn't, it has to be said, *spectacularly* different to previous years, but it certainly didn't feel tired. It just felt comfortable. There weren't, sadly, any new faces - I know I wasn't alone in hoping for Paul McGann or (be still, my thumping heart) Daphne Ashbrook. But it wasn't to be, and the guests who did come along were a popular bunch, representing virtually every era of *Doctor Who*. Wendy Padbury and Fraser Hines (Jamie) carried the standard for the black and white years, and I believe it's one of the few occasions they've been on stage together. The vaunted camaraderie of their era was much in evidence, and goodness-me is Fraser short! Colin Baker (who was first on stage on Saturday morning) was on good form with his wry self-deprecating wit, and he was obviously pleased to see Nicola Bryant (she who defies nature by becoming more beautiful with each passing year) when she joined him on stage. Another Doctor and companion team, Sylvester McCoy and Sophie Aldred, performed their polished audience runaround towards the end of the second day, and demonstrated yet again that *Doctor Who*'s final years as a BBC in-house production couldn't have been in better hands. Sylvester also demonstrated how little he can remember from the series, and Sophie how adept she is at prompting him.

Think about it for a moment. Two Doctors and their companions were there on a stage in Coventry, performing for their fans. It never quite loses its 'wow' factor, does it?

Caroline John (Liz Shaw) made the perfect convention guest, as usual. She continued her autograph session long after the scheduled cut-off point, determined to make sure that no-one who had taken the time to queue was disappointed, and was still signing when evacuated from the hotel during the closing ceremony. Confused? See below . . . Mark Strickson (Turlough) put in one of his rare British convention appearances, and proved an accomplished crowd pleaser.

Six companions and two Doctors later, we reach Nicholas Courtney, who occupies a unique middle ground between the two. The loss of Jon Pertwee, the elder statesman of *Doctor Who* conventions (and indeed *Doctor Who*), was still felt keenly by many attendees, so in many ways it was comforting to see Nick, the 'honourary Doctor', at this year's PanoptiCon. Nick has always been there for *Doctor Who* and its fans. He's always been happy to be associated with the programme, whether in return

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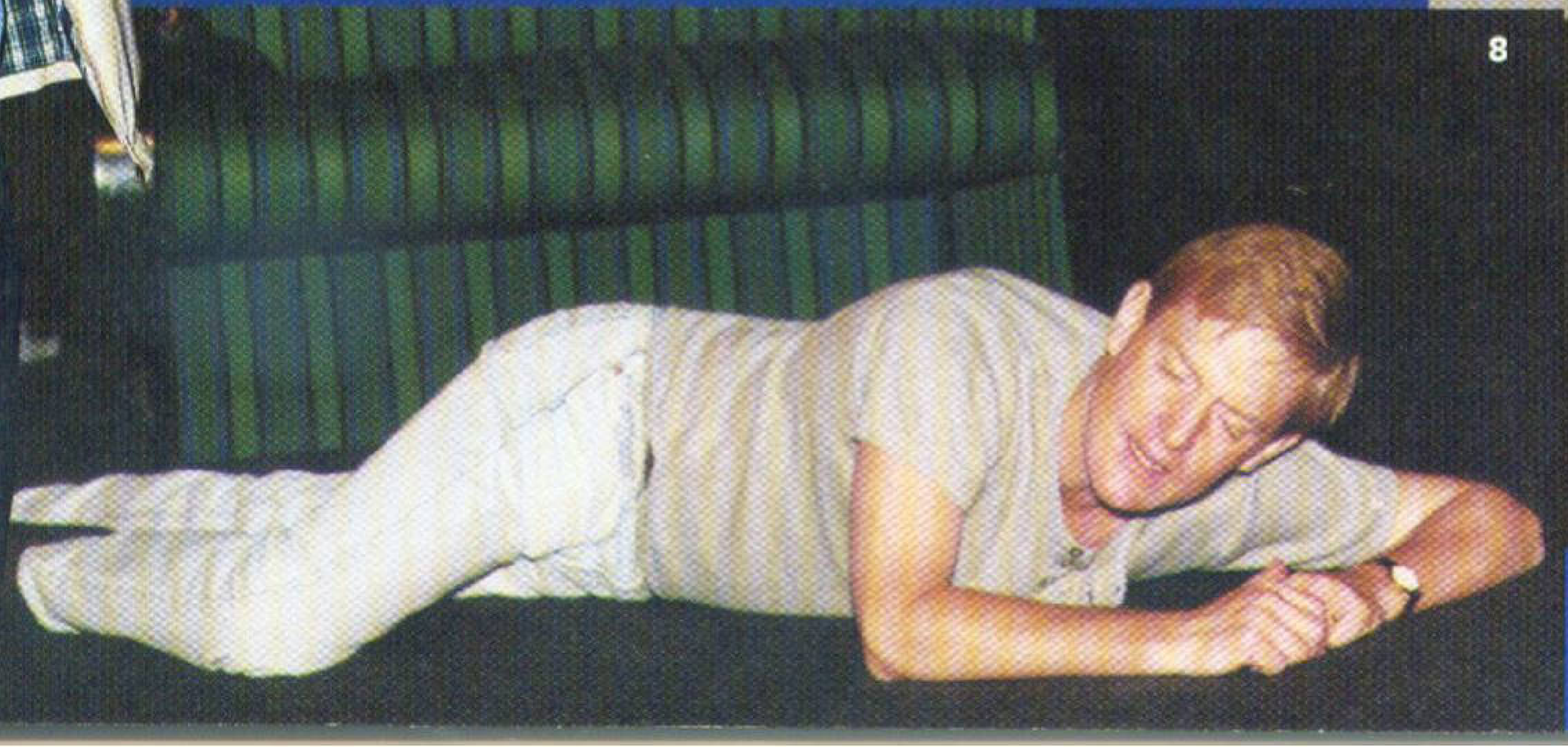

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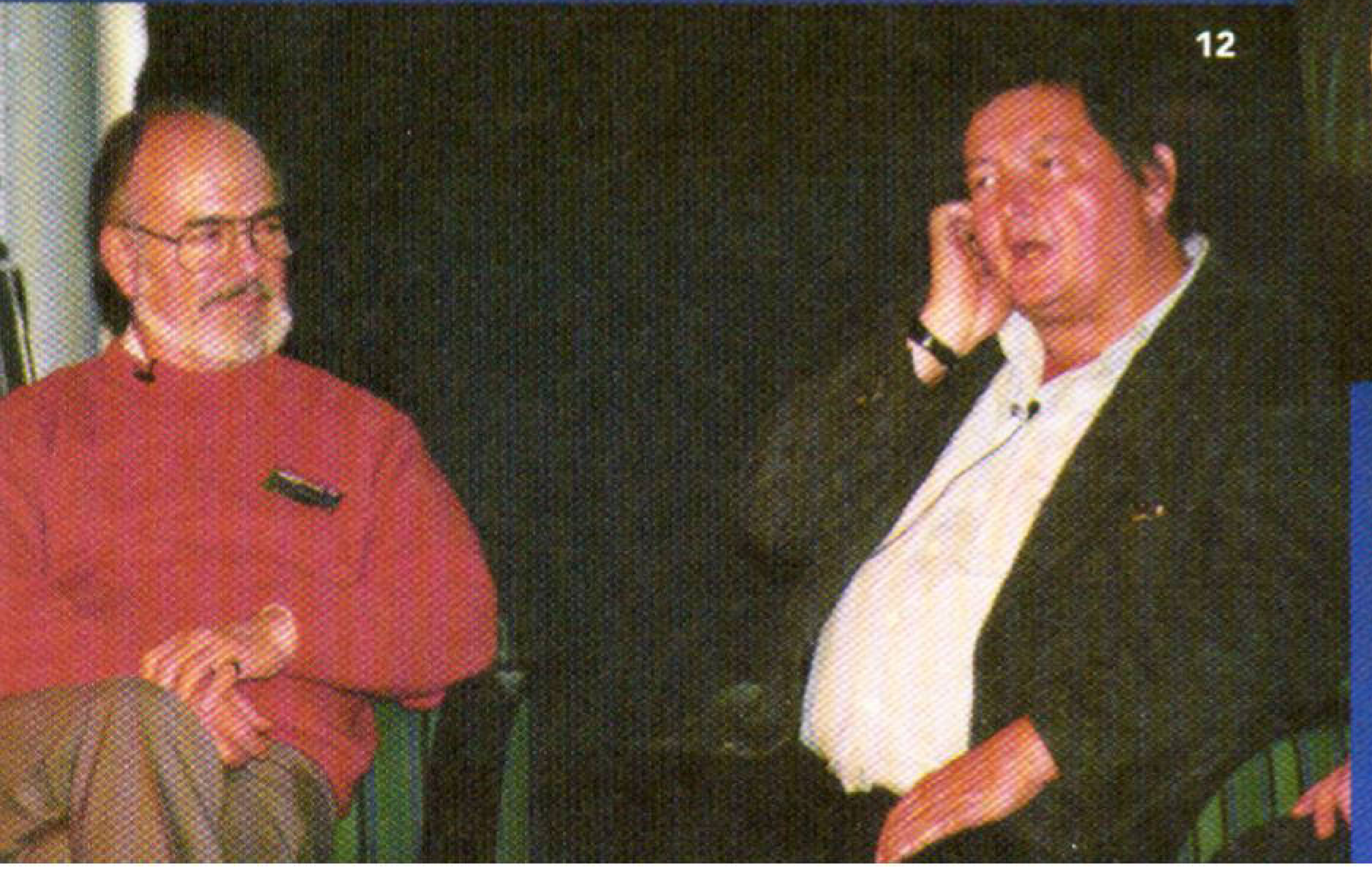

**1** Sylvester McCoy entertains; **2** John Nathan-Turner submits to a grilling from **DWM**'s Gary Gillatt and his TARDIS tin; **3** Colin Baker and Nicola Bryant reunited!; **4** Several elegant fans; **5** Nicholas Courtney, Wendy Padbury and Frazer Hines reminisce about the early days of *Doctor Who*; **6** A dream come true! Gary Gillatt hosts K9's *Out of the TARDIS*; **7** Sophie Aldred takes questions from the floor; **8** Mark Strickson enjoys the art of physical storytelling; **9** Nick Courtney: nice to see you . . .; **10** Frazer Hines in deep remembrance; **11** Sylvester and Sophie's traditional walkabout interview; **12** Barry Letts and Terrance Dicks, representing seventies *Doctor Who*.

appearances on television and radio, narrating BBC1's five minute 30th anniversary vignettes, or popping up at Longleat to join a mock battle with the Cybermen. With such an extensive relationship with the series, he's always got something new to offer – and even if he didn't, he's Nick Courtney.

The remaining guests were Barry Letts and Terrance Dicks, producer and script editor respectively, and John Nathan-Turner, who guided *Doctor Who* throughout the eighties. Each vastly experienced in television production, they evidently knew the programme inside out, and as such highlighted the only real disappointment of the guest list: the bias towards on-screen talent. I wanted to hear from some popular directors, and perhaps another script editor or two. I'd also have enjoyed seeing a designer, or a composer, or a production manager. Behind-the-scenes people provide a different skew on our favourite series, and I felt they were overlooked in favour of a perhaps more obvious approach at PanoptiCon.

I mentioned earlier the increased input of **Doctor Who Magazine** this year. Aside from staffing the actual Marvel display (where a great many attendees happily chatted about recent issues and the magazine's production), I know for a fact that editors Gary Gillatt and Scott Gray and designer Paul Vyse worked hard in the weeks preceding PanoptiCon to make **DWM** a pro-active element, devising a number of special panels designed to bring the pages of the magazine alive on stage. Forget any allegations of toadying here – it worked well, there's no denying it. Gary was relaxed in his on-stage role as TARDIS tin-opener, and the four "victims" of *Out of the TARDIS Live* appeared to enjoy themselves as much as the attendees enjoyed watching, fielding audience questions ranging from 'What was the last single you bought?' to the bizarre 'Why do bus drivers wave at each other?'

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JN-T's quick wit was in evidence (as well as his wisdom and insight – he publicly congratulated **Doctor Who Magazine** and the DWAS on their work over the last few years), while Wendy Padbury brought the house down with her well-timed response to "Which Doctor Who companion are you most attracted to?" Mark Strickson's luck is in, apparently! (but then, she is his agent, after all!)

The highlight, bizarre as it may sound, was an on-stage interview with K9. Not John Leeson or David Brierley, but the mechanical dog himself. Voiced by Alistair Locke, an accurate soundalike, K9's amusingly droll responses to such questions as "Is Elvis still alive?" provided the convention with one of its lasting images, and the audience lapped it up.

The Marvel team were also responsible for the Saturday night entertainments, and this differed from previous years in again making a concerted effort to involve the audience. Carry John and JN-T formed one team, Sophie Aldred and Nick Courtney the other, and they faced each other over gruelling rounds of 'Family Fortunes', 'Make Your Own Osirian Mummy' and the like. The Aldred/Courtneys edged past the finishing post first, but Caroline John stole the spotlight with her Controversial Use for a Toilet Roll. I guess you had to be there . . .

If the guests are half of a convention's success, the other half is the fans, and one of my very heartening impressions of this year's PanoptiCon was the number of new, young fans in attendance. I suspect it's a mix of the video releases and the popular McGann TV Movie, but there were a very high number of attendees in their early teens and younger. It was really great to see.

PanoptiCon '96 was good fun. The new (courtesy of Marvel) and the established (the celebrity dinner and dealers room, for instance) were presided over with professional ease by MC Gary Russell, and it all felt warm and friendly, and ran with barely a hitch. However, it will, as always, be the little things that will really stand out in my memory: the amusing closing ceremony held in the square opposite the hotel because of overzealous hotel staff flicking the wrong switch and setting off the fire alarm. The feeling of fellowship derived from joining a rousing chorus of *Bring Me Sunshine* with the evacuated stars and attendees – 700 *Doctor Who* fans singing their hearts out to the bemusement of the people of Coventry. Philip Seagull's (sic) surprise guest appearance in the Marvel gameshow. Seeing Caroline John give an emotional young fan a comforting hug off stage. Little things like that.

Let me know when registration opens for PanoptiCon '97. I'll be there.

◆

**13** Caroline John displays justifiable pride in her efforts in disguising John Nathan-Turner as a *Pyramids of Mars* mummy in the Saturday evening gameshow entertainment; **14** Sophie Aldred is equally proud of her endeavours on Nicholas Courtney – Caroline John, however, wins by a limb; **15** Mark Strickson does the monster mash; **16** Philip Seagull, special guest from across the pond; **17,18** The unexpected end to the event – fire crews race to the convention venue, and the closing ceremony is concluded in the town square; **19** Sylvester McCoy, Caroline John and John Nathan-Turner demonstrate the overwhelming feeling of fun at PanoptiCon '96.

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# The Time Warrior

All photos
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### The Time Warrior

*Screenplay extract by Robert Holmes*

*In a tower room of Sir Edward's Castle, Sarah watches the Doctor prepare for Irongron's attack, and realises that her new friend is not human.*

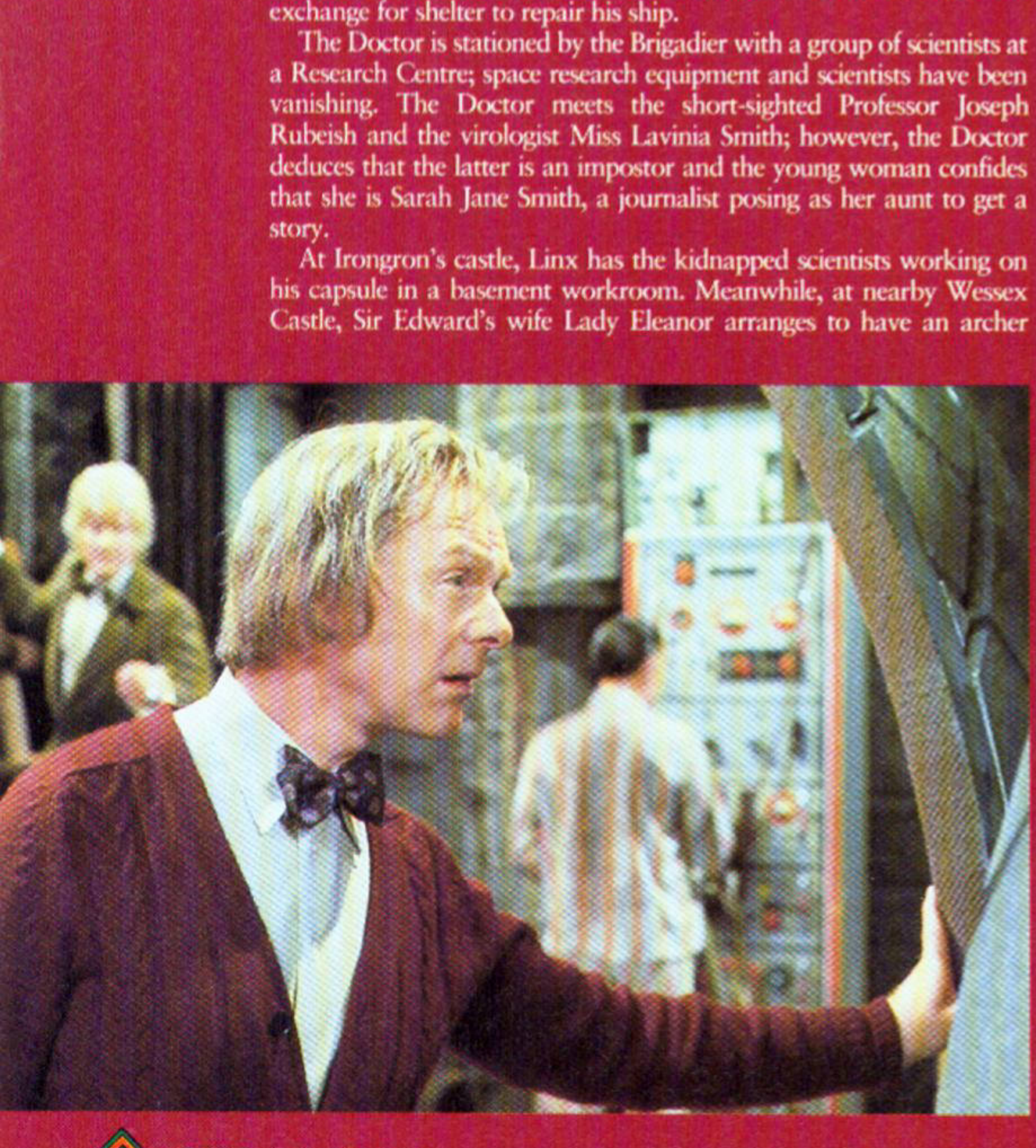
**SARAH:** What are you, then?
**DOCTOR:** Me? I'm a Time Lord.
**SARAH:** A Time Lord?
**DOCTOR:** That's right. My people are very keen to stamp out unlicensed time travel. You can look upon them as galactic ticket inspectors if you like.
**SARAH:** Galactic ticket inspectors? Oh, I could murder a cup of tea! You're serious, aren't you?
**DOCTOR:** About what I do, yes . . . not necessarily the way I do it.

### PART ONE (dm: 24'15")

The arrival in medieval England of an alien spacecraft is noticed by Captain Irongron, a robber baron. Going to claim his 'star' the next morning, he and his men are confronted by an armoured figure emerging from the capsule. This is a Sontaran Army Space Corps Officer, Commander Linx, who offers Irongron advanced weapons in exchange for shelter to repair his ship.

The Doctor is stationed by the Brigadier with a group of scientists at a Research Centre; space research equipment and scientists have been vanishing. The Doctor meets the short-sighted Professor Joseph Rubeish and the virologist Miss Lavinia Smith; however, the Doctor deduces that the latter is an impostor and the young woman confides that she is Sarah Jane Smith, a journalist posing as her aunt to get a story.

At Irongron's castle, Linx has the kidnapped scientists working on his capsule in a basement workroom. Meanwhile, at nearby Wessex Castle, Sir Edward's wife Lady Eleanor arranges to have an archer called Hal kill Irongron. At the Research Centre, the Doctor's rhondium sensor becomes active and UNIT soldiers see a ghostly image of Linx; Rubeish has vanished and the Doctor sets off in the TARDIS after the figure, not knowing that a suspicious Sarah has stowed away on board.



The TARDIS arrives in the woods by Irongron's castle. Sarah emerges to upset Hal's attempt on Irongron's life and she is captured by Irongron's men. The Doctor enters the courtyard to see Linx, believing he is alone, remove his helmet to reveal his alien Sontaran features . . .

### PART TWO (dm: 24'10")

Sarah is interrogated by Irongron, whose men have also captured Hal; she is then questioned under hypnosis by Linx who learns that she has come from the future with the Doctor. Linx presents Irongron with a robotic knight, which Irongron decides to test in combat against Hal. Sarah escapes and helps the archer to flee with her when the Doctor, observing events in the courtyard, uses a crossbow to shoot the control box from Irongron's hand and send the robot knight berserk. Getting back to Wessex Castle, Sarah convinces Edward that the Doctor is the sorcerer behind recent events and advocates a raid to capture him. Returning to Irongron's castle, Sarah and Hal overhear the robber planning an attack on Sir Edward next morning.

While Linx is tending to the robot, the Doctor enters the workshop and finds all the scientists working in a hypnotic state, apart from Rubeish whose short-sightedness has left him immune to Linx's conditioning device. Linx returns and stuns the Doctor, placing him in a chair under auto-control to help in repairs to his spaceship. The Doctor is

released by Rubeish, but pursued by the soldiers across the courtyard. Irongron looms over the Doctor, sword raised: "He who strikes Irongron – dies!"

**PART THREE (dm: 23'30")**

The Doctor's life is saved by an arrow from Hal, but the Time Lord finds himself captured by Sarah and Wessex's men. At Wessex Castle, the Doctor convinces Sarah and Sir Edward that he is not the cause of the strange events and agrees to use his skills to help defend them against Irongron's attack the next day.

Linx insists that the attack on Wessex Castle goes ahead, but Irongron is astonished to see the castle apparently fully manned – these are dummies built by the Doctor. Although Irongron's men have rifles, the Doctor's use of smoke bombs and fireworks frightens them back to their own base. Linx is furious that the attack was not pressed home, but is soon to leave Earth.

The Doctor plans to help Sir Edward capture Irongron's castle; he and Sarah infiltrate the castle disguised as monks and reach the workshop to find Rubeish. The Doctor is trying to de-hypnotise the scientists when Linx enters. The Sontaran refuses the Doctor's offer of a peaceful solution to prevent his tampering with Earth's history, and fires his ray tube at the Time Lord . . .

**PART FOUR (dm: 24'57")**

Sarah distracts Linx long enough for the weakened Doctor to point out that the Sontaran's weak point is the back of his neck; Rubeish strikes the alien down. Posing as a servant girl, Sarah infiltrates the kitchens and doses the food with a sleeping potion. To keep Irongron occupied, the Doctor puts on the armour of the robot knight and stands before the robber; Irongron spots the deception and decides to let his men have their rifle practice with him as the target, much to the satisfaction of the recovered Linx.

Rubeish manages to bring the scientists back to normal. The Doctor is rescued by Sarah in the Great Hall, and they escape back to Wessex Castle. Later, with the sentries asleep, the Doctor, Sarah and Hal return to Linx's workshop. Rubeish and the scientists are sent back to the 20th century by Linx's osmic projector while the Doctor keeps the alien busy. Irongron, furious with Linx, bursts in and is killed by the Sontaran. Linx enters his capsule for take-off, but Hal fires an arrow into the probic vent at the back of the Sontaran's neck, killing him. The Doctor's party hurry out of the castle, moments before it is destroyed by the build-up of energy in the scout ship. Sarah and the Doctor say goodbye to Hal and depart in the TARDIS.

# PRODUCTION

On Tuesday 16th January 1973 regular *Doctor Who* script-writer Robert Holmes submitted a story idea entitled *The Automata*. The story proposal was rejected by producer Barry Letts and script editor Terrance Dicks on Friday 26th January. Instead, Holmes had a lunchtime discussion with Letts and Dicks in which the team commented that there had not been a story with a historical setting for several years; Dicks proposed a serial set in Medieval England. Recalling *Marco Polo* and *The Romans*, Holmes was very much against historical *Doctor Who* stories, feeling that the series had moved on from its semi-educational stance; however, he reluctantly agreed to develop such a storyline with the proviso that the Doctor would not have to meet any famous historical figures.

Holmes needed to create a new alien race for his storyline and came up with the Sontarans after reading a book about the development of warfare. His idea was that the Sontarans had genetically re-engineered themselves into a clone species in order to sustain immense armies in an on-going conflict with another opposing superpower, the Rutans. He was also aware that the current companion, Jo Grant, would be leaving the TARDIS when actress Katy Manning departed at the end of the season.

Finding the whole storylining process boring, Holmes submitted his idea to Dicks in the form of a military communiqué from a Sontaran Officer called Hol Mes, marked "For the attention of Terran Cedicks". The document, supposedly prepared from entries in Captain Linx's log and images recorded in his cursitor's memory banks, greatly expanded on the background of the Sontarans and the start of the serial; in one of the last actions of Galactic War 9, a V-class cursitor commanded by Captain Jingo Linx is attacked by Rutan space-fighters. The cursitor is hit by a d.a. missile and Linx orders his crew of seven to abandon the craft (four eventually returned to Sontara, an event overshadowed by the start of Galactic War 10). Linx lands on the third planet of a fringe solar system to be met by a "bunch of gooks" led by Irongron (whose name came from that of an ancient Danish warrior), who have a recorded history of 1200 years.

The citation continued to note elements such as Irongron's allegiance to the territorial leader Kingjohn, to whom Linx provides weaponry to "pow-zap the stinking little creeps". To conceal his alien form, Linx wears armour of the sort worn by Irongron's men, but when attacked during a raid almost 1000 years in the future to kidnap scientists, he is forced to leave his "head-shield" behind. The time that the helmet was made is identified by "a Doctor belonging to the Galfrey species (the self-styled Time Lords; see Glim's Notes of an Antiquary; also the War Manual, Vol. VII, Feasibility of Further Galactic Conquest)". The Galfrey Doctor pursues Linx in a time machine called TARDIS, accompanied by Smith, a "secondary terrestrial" (ie female). Hal, a local soldier, attempts to shoot Irongron with a longbow, only to be captured along with Smith by Irongron's guards using hounds. After the Doctor rescues Hal from a demonstration of Linx's robot knight, they escape with Smith. The report notes that from this point, Linx becomes unstable and places the destruction of the Doctor above repairing the cursitor; he was "going bush".

Linx and Irongron track the fugitives to the castle of Edward of Wessex, and there is an inconclusive battle; Linx uses gunpowder to blow in the walls, but the inhabitants escape down a tunnel. The Doctor and Smith enter Irongron's castle as "mendicant friars (unexplained term; presumably some form of sanitary service)", but when the Doctor stops Linx punishing one of his slaves, he is "de-activated" with a hand-impactor. The Doctor is placed in a cell, just as Edward and other anti-Kingjohn barons unite in an attack on Irongron's castle. Irongron discovers

### SCRIPTING COMMANDER LINX

The sole Sontaran in the script was Commander Linx of the 5th Sontaran Army Space Fleet; his initial appearance indicated he wore "Sontaran space armour, not unlike a gleaming, sophisticated version of the knights' armour of the period." Later at the castle, Linx was described as "a squat broad figure encased in black armour" while his unmasked appearance at the end of Part One was described as "a close up of his hideous toad-like alien face". Linx's principal device and weapon was a "slim tube-like pencil torch" also referred to as a "ray tube" which caused the Doctor to glow an "incandescent orange" when he was fired upon in Part Two.

the Doctor and decides to suspend him from the ramparts on a gibbet, but an arrow shot by Hal severs the rope to let the Doctor fall into the moat.

Smith introduces narcotics into Irongron's food and then lets down the drawbridge to allow Edward's forces into the castle where they are met by more of Linx's robots. The Doctor and Smith send the scientists back to their own time, but then Irongron demands the right to kill the Time Lord in a duel with "blades"; Irongron loses. Linx, back in the officer uniform of the Army Space Service, is about to depart in the repaired cursitor when the Doctor takes Hal's crossbow and fires an arrow into the vital spot of his probic vent. Mortally wounded, Linx falls across the controls as the cursitor takes off, atomizing the castle moments after the humans and Doctor escape. The report concluded that the cursitor was detected on 149-54 1/3 by a Sontaran space patrol crossing Nebulae Blue I. Captain Linx was de-vitrified with full military honours on 149-55 2/3. "It is therefore recommended that he [Linx] be posthumously awarded the Galactic Hero's Cross, 2nd Class".

## CONTINUITY THE DOCTOR

The Doctor used his standard "Doctor John Smith" alias in Part One (originally adopted in *The Wheel in Space*). In rewrites, a reference to Metebelis Three (the planet which the Doctor had spent Season Ten trying to visit) was inserted into the dialogue between the Doctor and the Brigadier in Part One. The Doctor's home planet was finally named as Gallifrey; this fact was first revealed to the public in issue 126 of *TV Action* comic, dated 14th July 1973 (some five months before transmission of *The Time Warrior*), when Barry Letts revealed the name in response to a reader's query. Part Three's script poked fun at a facial feature of which Jon Pertwee was known to be quite sensitive; the Doctor was described as "a long-shanked rascal with a mighty nose," and in Part Four, the stage directions for the entry of the Doctor in the robot's armour read "a long-shanked knight in black armour enters." For the scene in which the Doctor overpowers the sentries in Part Four, Robert Holmes indicates that he "sends [the sentry] flying with a near bit of Venusian Aikido (NB: Throws – no karate chops please)."

The formal commission for the serial, entitled *The Fugitive*, was given to Holmes at the end of February, and Holmes worked on the first draft scripts from Monday 12th March through to Monday 2nd April, with the title becoming *The Time Survivor*. As with the previous season, Letts planned to make the first serial of Season Eleven at the end of the current run, and so production would begin in early May. Integrated into Holmes' scripts were changes to the originally envisaged character of Smith, the new companion. Letts and Dicks had come up with a new female character and actually cast the part, but problems arose with the actress concerned. It was now decided that Smith would be Sarah Jane Smith, a freelance journalist; the choice of career signalled another break with the UNIT format and made it plausible for the character to get into a variety of new situations. Letts was keen that Sarah Jane should act independently, impulsively and initiate action (unlike Jo) in an effort to overturn the traditional sexist stereotypes of companions. Dicks felt that she should be ignorant of science, which still allowed the Doctor to explain matters to both her and the audience. In Holmes' scripts, Sarah Jane was introduced as "an attractive and vital girl in her twenties".

Of the other characters, Sir Edward ("the local squire") and his wife Eleanor (also spelt Eleanour) were described as "an attractive couple. Still fairly young, but Edward is wasted and frail, obviously the aftermath of sickness. Eleanor is a spirited woman." Meg, Irongron's serving wench, was "a plump, not unattractive serving girl who has seen better days," while Mary, Lady Eleanor's servant, was "a buxom young serving wench." Mary's first scene introduced Hal the archer: "a handsome, sturdy fellow." Holmes indicated that as the scene begins there follows "a bit of mild medieval slap and tickle which is broken up in confusion by the entrance of Eleanor." No firm date was given in the scripts, but references were made to the King being away at the wars (possibly the Crusades) and the Doctor describes the period as "the early middle-ages (dialogue in *The Sontaran Experiment* later fixed the date as the 13th century).

At the same time as work was progressing on *The Time Warrior* (as Holmes' scripts were renamed), Letts and Dicks were preparing for another project: *Moonbase 3*, an adult science fiction drama about a lunar community in the year 2003 which they had created in an attempt to leave *Doctor Who*; the two men had written a pilot script, *Departure and Arrival*, to sell the format to Shaun Sutton, the Head of Drama. Ideally, Letts would have directed *The Time Warrior* as the final story of the recording block (as with *Carnival of Monsters* the previous year), but his commitments to *Moonbase 3*, which was to be produced over the summer break, prevented this. The serial would demand an experienced director and Alan Bromly was suggested to Letts. Bromly had been with the BBC for many years as a producer on shows such as *Compact*, *Francis Durbridge Presents . . .*, thriller serials such as *Take a Pair of Private Eyes* and *This Way for Murder*, the science-fiction anthology *Out of the Unknown* and *Paul Temple*; this was to be his first *Doctor Who* serial.

The set designer on the serial was Keith Cheetham on his only *Doctor Who* serial. Costumes were designed by James Acheson who had worked on *The Mutants*, *Carnival of Monsters* and *The Three Doctors* the previous year. Make-up designer Sandra Exelby had been an assistant on several earlier serials including *The Tenth Planet* and this was her only serial as a designer before she left the BBC. Visual effects work was supervised by James Ward who had previously handled *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, *The Mind of Evil* and *Day of the Daleks*.

It was around this time that Dicks also decided to leave *Doctor Who* and set about finding a replacement. Louis Marks, a former *Doctor Who* writer and now a BBC script editor, suggested his old colleague Robert Holmes as a possible replacement. Dicks put Holmes forward and, after a rather awkward meeting with Ronnie Marsh, Head of Serials (in which Marsh unknowingly criticized Holmes' *Terror of the Autons* as an example of unacceptable *Doctor Who*), he was given the post. He began trailing Dicks from the autumn on Season Eleven.

The main new addition to the crew would be the actress playing Sarah Jane Smith; Elisabeth Sladen was selected at a very late stage. At the time Sladen was appearing in *The Philanthropist* at the Mayfair Theatre and had just made a Cointreau advertisement on which she had had to work late. Arriving home at 2am, she found a phone message saying that Letts wanted to see her at Threshold House next morning; as there had been no publicity about Katy Manning leaving, Sladen assumed that this was for a guest role. Sladen was the final interviewee and remembered Letts from his days as a television actor. Impressed with Sladen, Letts asked her to go with him to the North Acton rehearsal rooms. Actor Stephen Thorne performed in a scene where Sarah climbed through a window and then reacted to a man sitting behind a desk who turned out to have an alien snake-like tongue. Sladen displayed fear yet courageousness, exactly the qualities Letts sought. She was then introduced to Jon Pertwee who was rehearsing *The Green Death* in another room; Pertwee was very impressed by Sladen and he and Letts made thumbs-up signs to each other behind her back. Sladen accepted the offer of the regular role without consulting her agent, who reprimanded her for not striking a better deal; her initial plan was to do a single year as Sarah.

## CASTING ELISABETH SLADEN

Born in Liverpool in February 1948, Elisabeth Sladen performed as a child dancer with the Royal Ballet until she was 11. Attending drama school, she became a professional actress at the age of 18 with much work in rep and performances of *The Crucible* and *Othello*. It was during her stage work that she met her future husband, Brian Miller, and moved to London in 1972. Her early television work included *Playhouse*, *Coronation Street*, *Doomwatch* and *Public Eye*. She narrowly missed out on the role of Betty in *Some Mother's Do 'Ave 'Em* (in which she subsequently made a guest appearance). Sladen was recommended to Barry Letts by Ron Craddock, the producer of *Z Cars*, for which she had made two appearances.

The guest cast involved in filming for the serial included David Daker, Kevin Lindsay and Jeremy Bulloch. Daker, playing Captain Irongron, had been a regular in *Z Cars* and later appeared in *The Adventures of Dick Turpin* and *Boon*. Australian actor Lindsay, cast as Linx, was best known at the time as the milkman in a series of commercials. Jeremy Bulloch, who had featured in *Billy Bunter of Greyfriars School* and *The Newcomers*, had been in *Doctor Who* before as Tor in *The Space Museum*. After playing Hal in *The Time Warrior* he featured in *Agony* and *Robin of Sherwood*. He was trained in the use of a bow and arrow by BBC armourer Doug Needham.

The main venue for filming was Peckforton Castle at Tarporley in Cheshire; a Victorian gothic folly constructed at the turn of the century and which was then occupied by an American family; the BBC team were reminded not to wander about the castle (parts of which were uninhabited and unsafe) or disturb the family in residence, particularly as a recent feature film unit working there had proved to be over-intrusive. The venue had been located by production assistant Marcia Wheeler, and was a rare occasion on which both Holmes and Dicks went on location with Letts and Bromley's crew. Recording on *The Green Death* had been completed on the last day of April, and around this time Pertwee travelled to Stockholm to film links for a *Disney Time* due for broadcast on Monday 28th May. The BBC unit travelled up from London on Sunday 6th May to their base in Nantwich, and although Donald Pelmear was due to appear on film the actor was not present on location; it seems that Rubeish originally travelled back to the present-day in the TARDIS, a story point altered by the subsequent serial *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*.

Shooting on 16mm film began on Monday 7th with scenes set around the castle gateway: these included Sarah being dragged inside in Part One, the sentries collapsing and Irongron's men fleeing the castle in Part Four. Sladen had been slightly disappointed that Sarah was written in the tougher style of a "Women's Libber" (heavily emphasized in publicity material) as she had looked forward to wearing the same sort of fashions as Manning; Sarah's role was written very strongly, and Sladen adopted some of the over-reactive mannerisms of her eight-year-old cousin in her performance. Pertwee made a point of coming to watch Sladen's first scene as an act of encouragement; during this take, Sladen was a bit ashamed when her Liverpudlian accent found its way into her protests with Irongron's men.

The crew moved to a clearing in the surrounding woods to film Irongron's band meeting Linx in Part One. This scene required Ward's full-size expanded polystyrene shell of Linx's cursitor from which Lindsay emerged, to immediately disagree with Bromley over the pronunciation of "Sontaran" (the actor insisted that if he was one of the creatures he should know his own name). Lindsay wore Acheson's heavily-padded quilted lurex costume which was topped off by a fibre-glass collar and helmet. Ward also built Linx's ray tube (a black rod which illuminated yellow and 'threw' the sword from Irongron's hand), and the device which unfurled the two Sontaran flags.

Shooting continued at another part of the castle walls to show Irongron's group arriving at Wessex Castle in Part Three, along with more forest scenes for Part One. Horse riding practice was arranged for Daker and John J Carney (Irongron's henchman, Bloodaxe), while several of the extras (David Buswell, Tom Atkins and Dick Weable) had been hired for their riding skills. For the TARDIS scenes, the police box materialised off-screen and Pertwee introduced a new TARDIS key; this was an ankh-like prop designed with merchandise potential in mind.

Tuesday 8th began at 'Area D' of Peckforton Castle, the courtyard area near the gatehouse; the scenes filmed first were those of Irongron's men fleeing in Part Four and the entrances of Sarah and the Doctor in Part One. Moving to the yard, Lindsay performed his first scene in full Sontaran make-up for the climax of Part One. Filming proceeded with Hal being brought in during Part Two and the Doctor tricking the sentries in Part Four. The cameras were then moved up to the battlements to film the Doctor and Sarah escaping in Part Four, some shots at the end of Part One and high-angle shots for the robot knight sequence in Part Two. Returning to the yard, shots of the Doctor and Sarah disguised as monks were filmed for Part Three, along with more of their escape in Part Four. Photocalls were held for Linx, the Doctor and Sarah with the regulars in both normal costume and monk garb. Stunt arranger Terry Walsh was due to arrive on this day to supervise fight sequences and appear as one of the sentries, but was replaced at short notice by Marc Boyle, who had worked on various Pertwee serials as a stuntman.

## VISUAL EFFECTS LINX

Linx's mask, modelled by visual effects assistant John Friedlander, was constructed in fibreglass with a latex section for Kevin Lindsay's face; it had been developed by Sandra Exelby and James Acheson from the script's half-toad/half-human description which led to Linx having no neck. The mask was the same shape as Linx's helmet and the top lip had a flap which fitted inside Lindsay's own lip; make-up was applied around the actor's eyes and mouth with binding to the thin latex with spirit gum. Lindsay found that the ensemble was very restricting and limited his breathing.

'Area D' of the castle courtyard was again used on Wednesday 9th where the day was spent on two main action sequences: most of the robot knight scenes for Part Two and the chase sequence with the Doctor which bridged Parts Two and Three. The knight costume was constructed with a low waist and built up shoulders so that it could be worn by either a tall actor (Dudley Long) or a short actor (Bill Monks) after its head had been knocked off. The arrows which struck the robot were already inserted into the padded costume and appeared by intercutting the film and adding sound effects; likewise the bolts that took the control box and later the axe from Irongron's hand were already inserted into the props. For the rescue attempt in Parts Two and Three, Sladen changed into "boy's clothes of the period" in accordance with Holmes' script. The chase and the Doctor's escape were

## REWRITES PARTS ONE AND TWO

Alterations were still being made to the script before recording: one of the Doctor's lines to Rubeish about writing on the TARDIS originally read "This is neither a blackboard nor a public convenience"; a later scene lost Rubeish warning the Doctor that Sarah could be dangerous because of her mind, "A woman can think almost as well as a man you know"; some of Sarah's dialogue to Irongron and Bloodaxe at the start of Part Two was also dropped, removing her comment about "This might be the big event of the year – the local Historical Pageant or whatever it is . . ." before her threat to go to the police; and in the original script, Sarah stated that she came from 1974 which was changed to the less explicit "20th century".

concluded the following day in the same area (which required controlled use of fire), after which the final filming was done on the rear walls to show Irongron's abortive attack in Part Three; visual effects provided flash charges and clouds of brown smoke pumped through hidden tubes in the ground. With the film work completed, the crew returned to London.

The read-through for *The Time Warrior* took place at Acton on Tuesday 15th May where Nicholas Courtney formally met Sladen. The team was joined by additional members of the guest cast such as Alan Rowe and June Brown; Rowe, playing Sir Edward, had previously worked on *The Moonbase* as Doctor Evans and a radio voice. His wife was played by June Brown who went on to find fame as Dot Cotton in *EastEnders*.

The first two days of recording took place in Studio 6 at Television Centre on Monday 28th and Tuesday 29th May. Recording on the first day ran from 8pm to 10pm and comprised the majority of scenes for Part One. Taping began with the first scene in the dormitory, after which the opening shot of Linx's craft heading towards Earth was recorded; this was originally to have been a filmed shot but was achieved by superimposing a flashing light across a photocaption of Earth.

All the scenes at the Research Centre (two linked sets consisting of the dormitory and the landing) were taped next. For the sequence in which Linx's image appeared on the stairs, Lindsay stood against black drapes and was lit in a blue light; this image was then superimposed onto the set. The usual roll-back-and-mix technique was used for the dematerialisation of the TARDIS. Recording then moved to the scenes in the Great Hall of Irongron's Castle, which involved a recording break to line up the CSO shot of the fireball seen outside the window. When Linx fired his ray tube, the end of the axe held by Daker ignited and burnt on cue. For all these sequences, Lindsay wore only the helmet of the Sontaran outfit and not the mask itself. The last scenes to be recorded were those at Wessex Castle in the castle chamber and castle kitchen sets.

The second day of recording began at 7.30pm and ran to 10pm, concentrating on scenes for Part Two. With Lindsay now in full make-up as Linx, there was a photocall of the Sontaran with other shots taken of scenes in the dungeons and of Hal being captured. The evening began with taping of all the workshop scenes for Parts One and Two with the cursitor prop in studio and other consoles coming from stock. A recording pause was scheduled to set up a red lamp which was shone on Pertwee as the Doctor was stunned by Linx's ray tube. A blue flash from a spark generator was later superimposed over the Doctor's head when he was placed under 'auto-control'; the use of this was minimised and generally kept off-screen or indicated by sound effects.

The film sequences for the episode were then transferred to videotape after which the rest of Part Two was recorded, starting with the scenes in the Great Hall; Sladen changed into her medieval outfit for the shot of her looking in through the window. It was during these scenes that the strain of wearing both the Linx mask and the Sontaran helmet under the studio lights took its toll on Lindsay and, after telling Exelby that he felt faint, he collapsed. It became clear that Lindsay had a weak heart, and for the next studio recordings Bromley tried to rearrange the schedule to allow the actor rest periods. Recording continued with scenes in the castle corridors, more film transfers and finally the scene at Wessex Castle.

During rehearsals for the second block, *Doctor Who* was in the news on Thursday 7th June when two BBC Daleks were stolen from Television Centre while waiting to be taken to Wales; the story was covered in the *Daily Mail* and also by an item on *Blue Peter*. Both Daleks were recovered in separate locations on Saturday 9th, with *Blue Peter* doing a follow-up film report about this on their Monday 11th edition.

The second taping block covered Monday 11th and Tuesday 12th June in TC1, with taping on the first day from 8pm to 10pm covering all of Part Three and some of Part Four. First the scene of Irongron returning to the Great Hall was taped, followed by the next three scenes on this set and at Wessex Castle; for the early evening Sladen was back in her medieval boy's clothing. The remaining scenes in the Great Hall were then recorded, with Lindsay in his Linx mask. This was followed by the Wessex Castle scene of the triumphant Doctor, and more film transfers, during which Sladen donned her mediaeval dress; both she and Pertwee and Sladen then carried friar's robes for the corridor scene in the episode. The rest of the evening was spent recording the on the workshop scenes for Part Three and the first four scenes on that set for Part Four. There was a pause to set in the red light needed for Linx's gun at the end of Part Three; the image of the ray tube was superimposed over a shot of the Doctor; and the reprise at the start of Part Four was a re-recording.

Recording concluded with the remaining Part Four scenes on Tuesday 12th with taping from 7.30pm structured around action sequences and costume changes. Taping began in the Great Hall with the material which required Pertwee to be in the robot knight costume, except for the Doctor/Irongron sword-fight. All the kitchen scenes were then recorded, after which Sladen changed out of her period dress.

Taping then switched back to the Great Hall for the scene where the Doctor is fired upon by Irongron's men and makes his escape on the chandelier. Terry Walsh, now available again, doubled for Pertwee and arranged both the fights and chandelier stunt, with recording breaks scheduled to set this up. Recording then carried on with the preceding scenes in the Great Hall, purely taping shots requiring dialogue from Pertwee (now in his usual outfit), after which the rest of these scenes were taped. With Sladen back in her green

## REWRITES PARTS THREE AND FOUR

There were further changes made to these scripts before recording: originally the Doctor spoke of an "atomic explosion" in Part Three; Rubeish's speech about getting back to the 20th century was dropped: "Yes, it's been very interesting here but I can't be as pure a scientist as I thought"; in Part Four, Meg was to hold a skewer at Sarah's throat when she found her; and Linx's comment that by the next morning he would be "seven hundred million and nineteen thousand miles from here" was simplified to "seven hundred million."

## **EDITING** PARTS TWO AND THREE

Part Two had three cuts made to it, in addition to having a shortened version of the filmed reprise. Mid-way through the scene between Irongron and Linx in the workshop, Linx asks if Irongron is pleased with the robot, and the ruffian replies that "the creature nearly had my life." Linx explains that the measure of a weapon is the skill of the man handling it, and that Irongron must have mismanaged the robot's hand control. The scene at Wessex Castle had two cuts, removing Sarah's explanation that she is from another time (branded by Edward as witchcraft) and the end of the scene in which Edward, wary of the "witch-maiden", asks Sarah to tell Hal what the Doctor looks like so he can be captured, whereupon the indignant Sarah announces that she will go with Hal and asks for suitable clothes. Part Three opened with a heavily re-sequenced reprise to remove the Doctor's escape from the workshop, and one line of dialogue from Bloodaxe was cut from the end of the first Great Hall scene in the Great Hall.

boy's outfit, scenes set in the castle corridors were taped, followed by the scene at Wessex Castle and the film transfers; it had been decided that adding the white glow of a ship rising from the castle was too awkward to achieve as a superimposed shot in studio, so Bromley instead opted to cut directly from a shot of Peckforton Castle to two feet of silent stock 16mm film of quarry blasting, giving the illusion of the castle exploding.

Work then resumed again in the Great Hall for the swordfight sequence, with Walsh now in the robot knight outfit after which the final scenes in the Great Hall were completed. The rest of the taping for the evening was in the workshop set, with all the insert shots of the scientists vanishing made as cutaway inserts (a superimposed image faded away from the main set). For the confrontation between Linx and the Doctor, there were many recording pauses to line up the red light for superimposing on the Doctor's shield. Walsh again doubled for Pertwee in shots of the Doctor being thrown about by Linx, landing on a mattress out of camera shot. For the final episode, the cursitor prop was opened up to show its equipment in detail, some of which was rigged to explode; Linx's death was achieved by inserting an arrow shaft into the probic vent during a recording break and having Lindsay react as if he had been hit.

Recording had been completed for the summer when, six days later, the *Doctor Who* production team received tragic news. On Monday 18th June Roger Delgado, who was then playing the Master, had arrived in Turkey to start filming on *The Bell of Tibet* only to be killed in a road accident. It was on a sombre note that the following day Letts and Dicks entered TC1 to supervise recording of *Departure and Arrival* for *Moonbase 3*.

The departure of Katy Manning was formally announced on Friday 22nd June, the day before Jo's departure in *The Green Death* Episode Six. Manning appeared on *Nationwide* to discuss Jo (featuring clips from *Terror of the Autons*) and promote her new series *Serendipity* which began in September. The following Tuesday came the formal press announcement of Elisabeth Sladen, with a photocall for the actress alongside Pertwee in costume from *The Time Warrior* in the grounds of Television Centre. For Dicks and Letts meanwhile, production continued on *Moonbase 3*: *Castor and Pollux* was taped on Thursday 28th June, further scenes for *Departure and Arrival* on Monday 9th July, *Behemoth* on Tuesday 10th, *View of a Dead Planet* on Friday 20th, *Outsiders* on Tuesday 31st July and Wednesday 1st August and *Achilles Heel* on Wednesday 15th August. The series began broadcasting in September in a Sunday evening slot on BBC1, but after mediocre reviews and unremarkable ratings it was not renewed.

It was planned in June that the new season would begin in the week before the New Year, starting transmission on Saturday 29th December, 1973 and running until 19th January 1974. By September 1973 all four episodes had been edited, apart from their opening and closing credit sequences. Parts One badly over-ran and had various cuts: the end of the scene in which Irongron shows Bloodaxe the first of Linx's new weapons was lost (Bloodaxe fears that the rifle is magic and warns his Captain not to meddle with the powers of darkness while Irongron shoots the core from an apple); the end of the scene in which the Doctor met Rubeish and Sarah (Sarah starts asking Rubeish how long he has known the mysterious Doctor and Rubeish receives warning knocks from within the TARDIS as he starts to scrawl on the police box again); and the scene which introduced Hal was totally removed. Set in the castle kitchen, it opens with Hal chatting up Mary, a serving girl, with his boasts that he is the finest archer in England but is now tired of wars. He says he followed Sir Edward to the crusades and brought him back home after he contracted a foreign sickness. As Hal tries to steal a kiss, Eleanor enters and tells Mary to fetch a flagon of wine for Sir Edward before asking Hal about his claim to being "the finest archer in England". As a result of this deletion, Jacqueline Stanbury only appeared briefly as Mary with no dialogue; accordingly, she was removed from the cast listings for Part One. Parts Two and Three had some minor timing cuts made.

Over the summer Letts decided that a new title sequence and logo should be prepared to celebrate the show's tenth anniversary that November, something very different from the feedback howlaround patterns used since 1963. Graphics designer Bernard Lodge opted for the time-consuming slit-scan technique pioneered by American John Witney and developed by director Stanley Kubrick and effects expert Douglas Trumbell for the 1968 movie *2001: A Space Odyssey*. This used animated artwork on a time exposure to build up one frame at a time; a camera on a motorised track was shutter-locked to a single frame of film, with moving colours passed beneath a small mirrored aperture. The backlit colours moved past, the film was wound on a frame and the process repeated, starting from

## BROADCAST AND AUDIENCE

*The Time Warrior* was to see a change in transmission patterns for the new season; from Saturday 29th BBC Cymru in Wales scheduled a programme of folk music on Saturdays and shifted *Doctor Who* to Tuesdays at 7.15pm. In terms of competition over the Christmas Period, Parts One and Three went out opposite networked editions of the high-rated talent show *New Faces*, Part Two against *Sale of the Century* and Part Four was matched by a range of regionalised shows; *Kung Fu* (LWT/Granada), *Candid Camera* (Southern/Yorkshire) and *The Partridge Family* (ATV). After an average start, the audience size dropped over the Christmas period and then increased for Part Four to over 10 million. Part One also saw the BBC reintroducing an audience reaction measurement on first-run episodes for the first time since 1970 with good scores attained on Parts One and Four.

a different position in the colour sequence. Lodge used a small circular slot to create a tunnel effect with stretched shopping bags under polarized filters as the colour patterns. An optical glow was superimposed at end of tunnel, with a photograph of Pertwee used to trace a Doctor-shaped tunnel, over which rostrum animation of Pertwee and the new logo were added. The process took three months to complete; the resultant 35mm film was 49 feet of opening titles and 79 feet of closing titles.

Incidental music was composed by Dudley Simpson using a mixture of conventional music and electronic enhancements from the BBC Radiophonic Workshop; the 13 minutes of music included a particularly haunting composition for one of Holmes' script directions in Part One: "eerie strains of the Sontaran anthem ring out for the first time on Earth."

It was decided in the autumn to bring forward the broadcast of *The Time Warrior* by a fortnight to tie-in with the tenth anniversary celebrations and give a lead-in to the BBC New Year season over the Christmas period. In November *Radio Times* published a special magazine which chronicled all the *Doctor Who* stories including the forthcoming season. Pertwee appeared with the Whomobile on *Blue Peter* as part of retrospective feature on Monday 5th November, and joined a *Doctor Who* float in the Lord Mayor's Parade on Saturday 10th November. On Friday 7th December the *Today* radio programme interviewed Dalek creator Terry Nation about the anniversary; the following Monday the BBC hosted a party for guests from the show's history, with Pertwee and Sladen doing a publicity session; this was covered by various papers including *The Times*. On Thursday 13th, Pertwee appeared on the cover of *Radio Times* with Michael Parkinson, Vanessa Miles and Paul Jones (and his son Matthew). An interior article by Liz Dickson entitled *Who's Who Among Who's Friends* had the three celebrities saying what they liked about *Doctor Who*; the programme listings were now illustrated by artwork from Peter Brookes (replacing Frank Bellamy) with a large panel for Part One (including Linx and the three regulars), and pictures of Linx, Sarah being chased by Irongron, and the Doctor for Parts Two to Four. The following day, *Nationwide* celebrated the new season with an interview with Dicks and on Saturday 15th, transmission was promoted by *The Sun* with an item about the three Dalek operators who were then working on *Death to the Daleks*. During transmission, there was further promotion when on Friday 21st December, *Pebble Mill at One* featured Patrick Troughton, visual effects designer Bernard Wilkie, a variety of monsters and young fan Matthew Jones; *The Green Death* was also repeated as a compilation on Thursday 27th December between Parts Two and Three of *The Time Warrior*.

The serial was sold abroad to Australia (who purchased it in July 1974, passed it uncut with a 'G' rating and made it their first colour *Doctor Who* broadcast in March 1975), New Zealand (who broadcast it in November/December 1975), Dubai, Hong Kong, Brunei, Canada (who broadcast it in 1977), Gibraltar and Saudi Arabia. From the early Eighties it was sold to North America where it was also syndicated as a one hour 31-minute TV movie.

Unusually, Holmes decided to novelise his scripts himself, but after getting part-way through the first episode (an extended version of the prologue with Linx), handed the project over to Dicks to complete. Dicks took sole credit on *Doctor Who and the Time Warrior* when it was published in hardback by WH Allen in May 1978 and in paperback by Target in June 1978. Featuring a picture of Linx painted by Roy Knipe, the book was latterly numbered Book No 65 in the Target Library, and in June 1993 was reprinted with a new cover by Alister Pearson.

The BBC Archives retained the original two-inch videotapes and the story was released in compilation form by BBC Video in Australia in March 1989 and in the UK in June 1989. UK Gold screened the serial in episodic and compilation forms in June 1993, with repeats of both versions in July/August 1995. The BBC now hold the original tapes of Parts Three and Four, and D3 conversions of Parts One and Two.

*Andrew Pixley*

## SERIAL UUU **THE TIME WARRIOR**

**CAST** Jon Pertwee (*Doctor Who*) with David Daker (*Irongron*), John J Carney (*Bloodaxe*), Sheila Fay (*Meg*) [1,3-4], Kevin Lindsay (*Linx*), Nicholas Courtney (*Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart*) [1], Donald Pelmear (*Professor Rubeish*), Elisabeth Sladen (*Sarah Jane Smith*), June Brown (*Eleanor*), Alan Rowe (*Edward of Wessex*), Gordon Pitt (*Eric*) [1], Jeremy Bulloch (*Hal*), Steve Brunswick (*Sentry*) [3].

**EXTRAS** Keith Norrish, Alan Thomas, Alan Lenoir, Jimmy Lyon, Bill Herbert, Emmett Hennessy, Tom Atkins, Dick Weable, Michael Ralph, Ray Dunbobbin, Brian Bowles, David Buswell, Michael Boone, Steve Brunswick, Howard Williamson, Malcolm Stevens, David Carruthers, Jim Whelan, Sidney Tomas, Jon James, Andrew Greenwood, Alan Luxton, Bill Lodge (*Irongron's Soldiers*); Andrew Abrahams (*Irongron's Sentry*); David Cleeve, Stephen Ismay, Douglas Domingo, Robert Peters (*UNIT Soldiers*); Roger Marston, George Ballantine, David Enyon, Eden Fox, Paul Phillips (*Scientists inc Professor Morrison*); Jacqueline Stanbury (*Mary*); John Hughman (*Linx's Robot*); Dudley Long (*Linx's Robot with head*); Bill Monks (*Linx's Robot without head*); Ronald Nunnery, Allan Deutrom, Clifford Kershaw (*Edward of Wessex's Men*); Marc Boyle (*Stuntman/Irongron's Man*); Terry Walsh (*Stuntman/Double for Dr Who*); Bella Emberg, Mary Rennie (*Kitchen Hags*).

**CREDITS** Written by Robert Holmes. Fight Arrangers: Marc Boyle [2-3], Terry Walsh [4]. Title Music: Ron Grainer and BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Title Sequence: Bernard Lodge. Incidental Music: Dudley Simpson. Special Sound: Dick Mills. Costume Designer: James Acheson*. Make-Up: Sandra Exelby. Film Cameraman: Max Samett [1,3-4]. Film Sound: John Gatland [1,3-4]. Film Editor: William Symon [1,3-4]. Studio Lighting: Mike Jefferies*. Studio Sound: Tony Millier*. Visual Effects Designer: Jim Ward*. Script Editor: Terrance Dicks. Designer: Keith Cheetham. Producer: Barry Letts. Director: Alan Bromly. BBC © 1973.

* Credited on Parts One and Four only.

### UK TRANSMISSION DETAILS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Part One | 15th December 1973 | 5.10pm-5.35pm |
| Part Two | 22nd December 1973 | 5.45pm-6.10pm |
| Part Three | 29th December 1973 | 5.10pm-5.35pm* |
| Part Four | 5th January 1974 | 5.30pm-5.55pm** |

* BBC Cymru: 1st January 1974 7.15pm-7.40pm
** BBC Cymru: 8th January 1974 7.15pm-7.40pm

### Viewing Figures

**Part One** 8.7M (34th), **Part Two** 7.0M (75th), **Part Three** 6.6M (89th), **Part Four** 10.6M (22nd)

### Audience Appreciation Figures

**Part One** 59%, **Part Four** 60%. No figures recorded for **Parts Two** and **Three**.

# Timelines

compiled by **Scott Gray**

*Send your letters to*
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## FLUID BALANCE

Until now, *Fluid Links* has generally bored me senseless. Certainly, when it started it seemed to me to be full of second-hand opinions and precocious A-Level 'lit crit' cobbled together from the collective consciousness of fandom.

But Matthew Jones has done it! *Not Even Close . . .* (**DWM** 244) was perfect column writing, one of the best pieces of journalism I've seen in **DWM**.The piece was nicely structured, outspoken and personal; straight talking with direct opinions and excellent arguments.

I'd just like to say I'm really pleased that Matt has clearly hit his stride as a writer. Superb stuff! The direct and anecdotal approach works for you as a writer, Matt.

*KJ Mobberley*
*via e-mail*

Usually, *Fluid Links* is the first thing I read in each issue of **DWM** (unless there's a *Monitor* or *Watcher* feature, which always gets first priority). I tend to agree with most or all of the topics – until **DWM** 244, with Matthew Jones' *Not Even Close . . .* I disagree with him completely. He seems to reject the Eighth Doctor on three counts, which I would like to refute.

1) His first problem is the revelation that the Doctor is "half-human on his mother's side." I've been a *Doctor Who* fan for about 15 years, and I've never witnessed such a controversy over a five-second line of dialogue. I want to urge *Doctor Who* fans everywhere to remember that what we saw was a regeneration story, not a 'normal' story. Regenerations can cause amnesia (*Castrovalva*), so why not anamnesis (in the Philip K Dick sense of the word)? The Doctor has had mental blocks removed before (*The Three Doctors*), so it's possible that the Fourth Doctor's line in *Pyramids of Mars* is spoken with a block on his memory. The Seventh Doctor became more aware than previous Doctors of his role in history, so why couldn't this regeneration unlock still more of the Doctor's mind? Perhaps he's becoming less of a mystery to himself? On the other hand, the Doctor could be joking, to throw people off. Or even lying – he has admitted to lying before (in *The Two Doctors*).

2) Matthew's second problem is the horrific scene of the Doctor actually kissing a lady. This, strangely, has put more people in shock than the Sixth Doctor's strangulation of Peri in *The Twin Dilemma*. Over most of his televised adventures, yes, the Doctor has been portrayed as asexual. But please remember that he left Gallifrey with his *granddaughter*. That implies he has (or had) a son or daughter, which also implies that he has (or had) a wife or lover – and actually had sex with her! This should not be surprising, people. Every species we know of has a biological urge to reproduce, otherwise the species would die out in one generation. The same must hold true for Gallifreyans. Perhaps he has finally come to terms with his family tragedy and is prepared to love again, or at least feel attraction to someone.

3) Third, and most trivial; he is bothered by the new TARDIS interior, even though subtle changes in the primary console room have been made nearly every season. Has Matthew forgotten about the dark, low-tech appearance of the secondary console room used by the Fourth Doctor? How do we know that what we saw the Eighth Doctor using wasn't that same secondary console room, only redecorated in the same manner as we've seen the primary change? Furthermore, since the TARDIS is a micro-universe, how do we know there isn't a tertiary console room? He even complains that "everything is written in English." An odd thing to bring up, since every map, readout and countdown on the TARDIS monitors for the past 30 years has been in English! Why not complain that the TARDIS, product of a super-advanced civilization, is "broken" and stuck in a specific shape? Surely such an ultra-high-tech machine could have had such a trivial malfunction repaired by now?

I hope Matthew reads these three points and reconsiders his position.

Fluid Links

Not even close . . .

"D

There was something fundamental absent from the film. It was the Doctor himself.

Paul McGann's Eighth Doctor was *very* close. His sudden joy at a pair of shoes that fit was a very Doctor-ish moment, as was the scene where he turns the gun on himself to get his way. I imagine Matthew would agree that this scene perfectly fits our image of the Doctor as a non-violent person. Compare this scene to the Fourth Doctor's *Avengers*-style head-bashing in *The Seeds of Doom*, or the Fifth Doctor's gun-waving in his Eric Saward-scripted Cybermen and Dalek stories. Some actors take several stories to grow into the character of the Doctor. Paul McGann got it right the first time. And since he wasn't even in the first part of the film, he basically nailed the character in the equivalent of two 25-minute episodes of the original format.

Finally, I think we shouldn't criticize this one 90-minute film too much. It is, as I said, a regeneration story. Would Sixth Doctor fans want fellow Whovians to judge that Doctor solely by *The Twin Dilemma*? Should we judge the Fourth Doctor solely by his battle against a toy CSO robot? Should Jon Pertwee's era be criticized for one tattooed, singing-Doctor shower scene? No. We should look on this film as though we are classmates being reunited after several long years apart: our old friend is back, and eager to delight us with stories of his travels. He may not be quite the same person we thought we knew, but it *is* him. Long live the Eighth Doctor!

*Trevor Ruppe*
*North Carolina, USA*
*via e-mail*

## CLUB CLASS

At Torquay Boys' Grammar School, the pupils are encouraged to play an active part in running the school. A friend and I therefore decided to set up a *Doctor Who* club which we named HABAFOM ("It could be Mars or Venus, but whatever he may do, He'll Always Be A Friend Of Mine. Who? Doctor Who," etc).

We approached a senior teacher with this idea and were told to put posters up around the school to advertise the club. ►

This computer-generated image of invading Daleks was sent in by reader **George Cairns** of Luton.

Having become accustomed to the widespread view that *Doctor Who* is for children, and that the most intellectual thing our favourite programme has ever come up with is "Exterminate", we decided that we would try to promote interest in the club by showing just how poetic, brilliant and thought-provoking the programme actually is.

In order to do this, we copied over 75 quotations from the series (mostly 'Dialogue Triumphs' taken from *The Discontinuity Guide*) onto pieces of A5 paper. We did not label these pieces with '*Doctor Who* club', as we felt that many people would sadly not read them if they did. Instead, we merely wrote HABAFOM under each quotation.

On the Monday following our preparations, I came in at 7.30am and covered the school with our adverts. My earliness would guarantee that, firstly, nobody would see me putting them up, thus increasing the enigma that would surround them; and secondly, they would be all the more noticeable, thanks to their sudden appearance.

However, by 9.15am on the same day, there was barely a quotation to be seen in all of the school. I had expected that some would be torn down by the rowdier element that exists within any school, but for such total devastation, the teachers must have been involved.

I approached the deputy head and asked for what reason the adverts had been removed. I quickly found myself being told off for putting up propaganda which was "radical, anti-establishment, contentious and occult."

I pointed out that we had been given permission to put up advertising for our *Doctor Who* club. The deputy head looked slightly taken aback, obviously surprised to find out that HABAFOM was something so innocent. He then told me that had our quotations been attributed to the series, rather than the mysterious HABAFOM, they would have no doubt been quite permissable, as they would not have been taken seriously.

*Doctor Who* really *is* poetic, brilliant and thought-provoking, perhaps more so than I ever realized. Sadly, as I speculated and had all-too clearly shown to me, the only way to make those who live in the dark see the light is to hold the candle where the heart of the programme will be revealed – but its face will remain in shadow.

PS. Thanks to the continued efforts of my friend and I, HABAFOM is now up and running, and looks set to continue for quite some time . . .

*Robert AJ Newton*
*Brixham,*
*Devon.*

## J'ADORE/J'ACCUSE

Well, as you're no doubt receiving letters arguing the comparative merits of the Cybermen, I suppose I might as well have my fourpenneth – especially if the argument against these creatures is one of relentless tedium, for what are we to expect of a race which eschews all individuality?

The secret of their success lies not in their advanced technology, nor in their emotional behaviour or lack of it. It is their ghoulish commitment to a lifestyle in which a compromise is reached between man or machine, and, humiliatingly for the masculine ego, the machine is winning. To go through the process of conversion ultimately means surrending all humanity, good or bad, and essentially becoming a form of humanoid JCB; put succinctly, man as designed by Volvo.

Anyway, that's my argument. Perhaps next year you can do features on the Ice Warriors and the Yeti, or perhaps even celebrate the silver anniversary of the Sea Devils.

*Alex Fletcher*
*Milton Keynes,*
*Bucks.*

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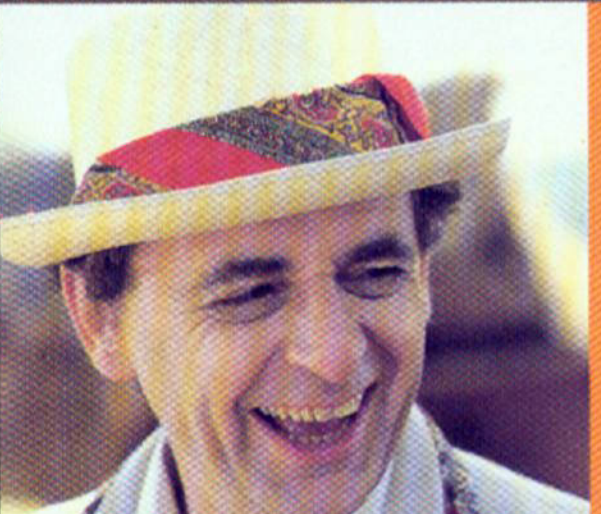
# . . . and Issue 247!



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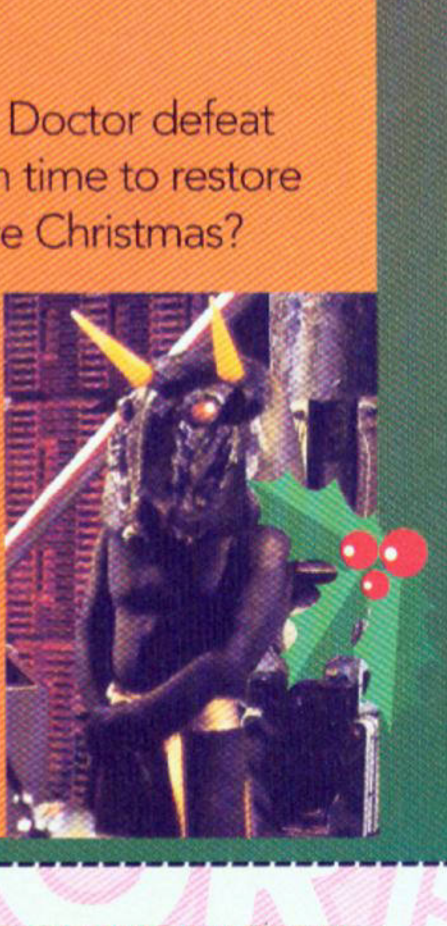

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In the first of a two-part interview, Peter Griffiths speaks to long-time *Doctor Who* director **Pennant Roberts** about his earliest work on the series . . .

# The

# Fun *Makers*

"Now, let's see if we can collect our thoughts after a long, hot day in the office," says Pennant Roberts, settling into his seat on the London to Cardiff train early on a Friday evening. "We're talking about *Doctor Who*, which is going back some years now!"

**Above:** Leela (Louise Jameson) encounters the Doctor (Tom Baker) in *The Face of Evil*. Photo © BBC

It's been 20 years, in fact, since Pennant first stepped onto a *Doctor Who* set. He spent some time prior to that as a floor manager with ITV Cardiff, and then BBC Wales. "I started to specialise in drama while still in Cardiff, so when I moved to BBC London in 1969, I worked with the Drama Series department. I graduated to some directing work on in-house series such as *Doomwatch* and *Softly, Softly*, and went freelance in early 1974. *Sutherland's Law* was my first job."

Terry Nation's apocalyptic series *Survivors* was his second. "We started work in August 1974, but because of a long and on-going industrial dispute at the BBC, we didn't start shooting until January. It happened quite a lot in those days. The BBC lost about three months of its output, though in this case nothing was junked, only deferred. The change in schedule meant that whereas in subsequent years *Survivors* should have shot in the autumn, it instead began shooting in the winter. That gave us some interesting weather to contend with!

"*Survivors* was very much in the front line of television innovation. It was one of the few drama series, along with *Z Cars*, to shoot location material on video tape. The first six episodes were shot in the old-fashioned studio with film insert format, but the rest were almost completely done on tape. We recorded at a speed much more akin to studio work – 50-minute programmes in four-and-a-half days, a rate you just wouldn't find now. Because the series was set after the holocaust, we went to some very quiet locations, but for the second episode of the two-parter, *The Lights of London*, I also shot in the Camden Town tunnels, at Wapping with Tower Bridge in the background and down what we called 'the drain' – the Bank-Waterloo Underground Line which is closed on a Sunday. We worked quite long hours over two successive weekends."

## "Philip Hinchcliffe was very good at his job. He cared very much for his programme."

It may have been his work on this series which brought Pennant to the attention of producer Philip Hinchcliffe when he was setting up his third season of *Doctor Who*. "Hinchcliffe was very good at his job. He was fairly new to the department, not terribly emotional, and very organised. He cared very much for his programme, but he was a much more wide-ranging producer than just *Doctor Who* would lead you to believe. He did his couple of years and moved on.

"Certainly, it made a lot of sense at that time to have a director who was well-organised simply because of the schedule. Each four-part story would be required in five studio days and perhaps four or five film days. That's not an awful lot of time for 100 minutes, especially with a number of special effects. Most of them were done on the spot without the sophisticated post-production techniques you get now.

"*The Face of Evil* was the first time I had used special effects to any great degree. I remember one shot where David Garfield, who played Neeva, was standing in front of a CSO door, and back then that meant lining up five cameras. It took about 20 minutes, a significant amount of studio time. You would never attempt it now. You would just turn the material over to your graphic designer and manipulate the various images into position. I remember I was quite impressed with the little prawn monsters we had, the Horda, and the imagination of the visual effects people in designing the working models. The creature had to do a number of different tricks, so we had a whole set of them – one which could run, one which could pinch, and all the rest."

Pennant was impressed by the script from newcomer Chris Boucher. "It was the Sevateem and the Tesh, wasn't it? There was a proper concept to the story. I thought it was quite imaginative, certainly compared to a couple of the later scripts, and it held together well as science fiction. Often *Doctor Who* only held together as fantasy. With the design, we tried to take what the technicians or the survey team would have looked like and pitch forward a number of years, but the script gave us a clear indication, and that's always the thing, finding enough to latch onto and give you a language and style – a unity to the design concept."

An early production decision was made to shoot the forest mostly on film at Ealing. "A lot of money went on the forest, but I think we used our budget wisely there. Because we didn't feel we would have time to redress the cabbages and plants in the studio, those sequences were the first to go to the stage at Ealing. With something like 20 minutes of screen time in this forest, it was really the only way we could achieve it. We talked for a while about going to a real forest, but Ealing offered us artificial lighting control and the opportunity for more far-fetched shapes. Location filming

**Right:** Tom Baker and Henry Woolf rehearse a scene between the Doctor and the Collector in *The Sun Makers.*

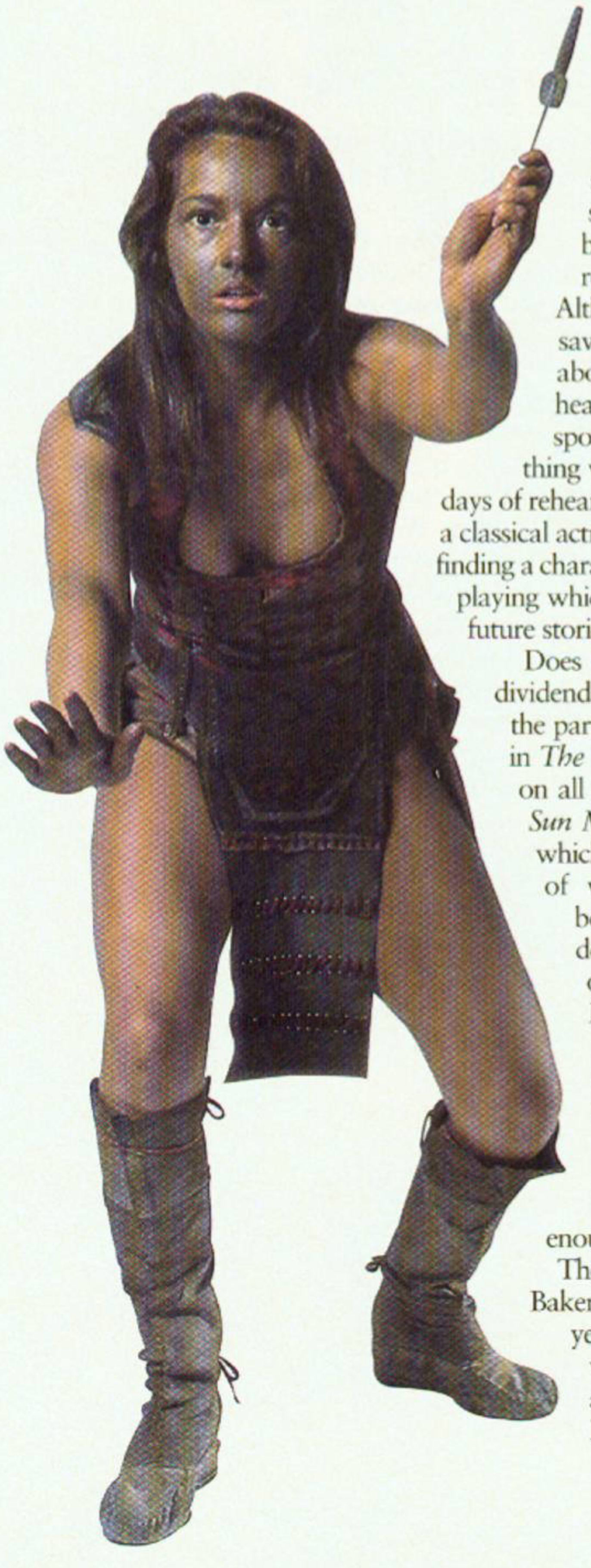
would also have meant an even more serious mismatch between forest and studio. The BBC were quite cavalier about mixing film and video in those days – Planning couldn't notice the difference – but I was quite outspoken about it.

“You always had to have your eye on the clock at Ealing. The electricians wouldn't appear until half-past-nine, and the lights went off at half-past-five. The film industry tradition was that you could always call the ‘quarter’ – if you were on your last shot, you could manage an extra quarter-hour to finish the set-up – but the contact breaker here was away around the corner, so the person who was charged with turning the lights off was not necessarily someone working on the show. They couldn't see in, so they had no idea what was going on in the studios and they just switched the lights off. There were some fairly harsh industrial practices going on in those days, so it could be taken to extremes, but there was also the other extreme where film crews were being abused with total buy-outs of their time. There was a middle ground, and everyone had to behave responsibly.

“I'll give you an example. The last shot I did at Ealing on *The Face of Evil* was an exploding alarm clock. I could see the second hand creeping very close to half-past-five on the wall clock, so instead of putting the clapper board in first, as is usual, we went straight into the shot. We got it done, but before we could put the clapper in at the end, off went the lights. It would have cost a substantial amount of money to remount that.”

*The Face of Evil* is probably most notable for the introduction of a new companion, Leela. Pennant had a great deal of input into Louise Jameson's casting and characterisation. “I'd interviewed Louise some two years earlier for another series where she didn't get the part, but I was sufficiently impressed to remember her when it came to Leela. Although I can't recollect who else we saw, she stood out head and shoulders above the others. Leela was warm, headstrong and impetuous, and the spontaneity of the character was something we worked quite hard on in our few days of rehearsals. We certainly talked a lot. Being a classical actress, Louise was very concerned with finding a character and developing a consistency of playing which would stand her in good stead in future stories.”

**“Although I can't recollect who else we saw, Louise Jameson stood out head and shoulders above the others.”**



**Below:** Louise Jameson poses in an early make-up test for Leela.
Photos © BBC

Does Pennant think that approach paid dividends? “I think Louise did her best with the part. Chris gave Leela a very good start in *The Face of Evil*, and she was still firing on all cylinders when we came to do *The Sun Makers*, but there were some stories which were weaker from Louise's point of view; she felt the character was becoming a cipher. Leela didn't develop any more than many of the other *Doctor Who* companions. Most of the writers tended to cater for the Doctor and relegate the companion to a feed, and certainly some were more skilled at dealing with them than others. The perennial problem was that the assistants were never conceived strongly enough to be independent.”

The tensions between Louise and Tom Baker have been well documented over the years. What are Pennant's views? “I wasn't terribly aware of it, I must admit, but then in my first story Leela was being established, so there was no time for frictions to develop, and in the second, the two characters were largely kept apart. Tom was quite single-minded. He wanted to make something special out of the character of the Doctor, and perhaps wanted the companion to be no more than a simple foil for him.

“I never found Tom terribly difficult to work with. I know there were stories of him laying down the law on other episodes, but we got on well, probably because we shared the same sense of humour. That slight irreverence was very much part and parcel of the series in those days. Tom was meticulous and very demanding, and he couldn't abide anything second-hand or ill-considered. Neither would he be fobbed off with feeble answers. I always found that as long as we looked at the areas of the story which needed exploration early in the process, everything went swimmingly. From what I could gather – and this is all second-hand – when you had a director who didn't know Tom very well and said, ‘Let's just get on with the script’, the issue would bubble away under the surface and resurrect itself at the point of recording. The actor's instincts take over and he feels exposed because his heart isn't in it. It's very difficult to get an actor to play something truthfully if he doesn't have confidence in the material.

“Tom was already becoming proprietorial, but I never found him ungenerous. Usually a proprietorial person is very selfish, but Tom never behaved in that way. All I would ever say about him was that as long as he felt the story was worth telling and that the Doctor had something to contribute, he would go along with it.” Some have suggested he was ruthless with scripts. “I wouldn't say ruthless. I would say he was a constant improver. Because *Doctor Who* wasn't based in any kind of naturalism, the only yardstick was innovation. Tom could immediately spot when the writers had fallen into autopilot mode. He had a great disdain for ‘bafflegab’, as he would call it, where the writer had added spoof scientific jargon just to fool the kids. He was also very concerned about violence on screen, and the danger of youngsters imitating it. The producers were careful about this, particularly Philip Hinchcliffe with the janus thorns in my first story. That's where the scene with the “deadly jelly baby” came in. Because it was going out at an early hour, the Doctor couldn't been seen to be violent. He would always use an intellectual device to get himself out of danger.

“I think Tom was probably the best Doctor of all because of his eccentricity. He was always very surprising – an important quality. The series was particularly fortunate with all its leading actors, particularly the first four. Hartnell had that strange manner which set the character alight in the first place. Pat Troughton was a consummate actor, and was very highly thought-of in the business even before *Doctor Who*. Jon Pertwee was a very strong and stylish performer. Maybe the latter Doctors weren't quite as suitable for the part, perhaps because of the precedent created and the need to find someone different each time. But I got on very well with both Peter Davison and Colin Baker.

“*The Face of Evil* worked quite well as a story. I was happy with it. I don't know why it's not out on video yet – obviously they have better stories to release! It was an interesting learning curve for me, and stood me in good stead for the second *Who* 12 months later, which must have been *The Sun Makers*. Graham Williams had taken over as producer, and he and I were very much in accord."

*The Sun Makers* was written by out-going script editor Robert Holmes as a spoof on the Inland Revenue, in retaliation for his being investigated by them. "He was feeling particularly virulent towards people prying into his financial affairs! Robert was a very human writer. He would always deliver something which worked and was well thought-out. He created the world of *The Sun Makers* with great consistency, and great fun as well, and we embellished it somewhat, adding little details like the P45 corridor. There was one scene where the little D-grade worker had to put a card into the wall to get some talmars, so I suggested to the designer that we should use the Visa colours. When Graham Williams saw it in the studio, he said, 'You can't do that! It's an enormous BarclayCard!' I said, 'That's the point, Graham.' But he wasn't having any of it – he was worried about being hauled over the coals for advertising. As I recollect, we disguised the little blue and yellow stripes with a green stripe! It was just one of those extra little bits to titillate the adults."

Was the increase in humour at this time ever a concern? "The different styles of storytelling influenced how much humour you introduced. *The Face of Evil* was solid science fiction, so you played it straight, but I never thought *Doctor Who* was science fiction. It was a light-hearted Saturday evening fantasy. I didn't subscribe to the notion that it had to be taken desperately seriously, because then it would have been pretentious. Without the resources, you had to make it as entertaining as possible. I remember Chris Bidmead, a later script editor, trying to tell me that *Doctor Who* wasn't targeted at youngsters because it appealed to audiences of all generations. I disagreed – the letters may come from all ages, but the *aficionados* of *Doctor Who* are usually hooked in their early teens. If people tune in at that age, they stay with it.

"We had a very nice company working on *The Sun Makers*. It seemed to come together well, and we had a lot of fun with the steaming scenes. Henry Woolf was someone I had first come across at university. He'd been away in Canada for some time, but he returned to give a splendid performance as the Collector of taxes. Richard Leech's Gatherer had some quite stupendous dialogue. His performance was larger than life, and you could almost hear his voice reverberating around in his own head, which I think worked well in the context of the story. Instinct tells you when you've gone too far – Paul Darrow in *Timelash*, for example. That went over the boundary into pastiche."

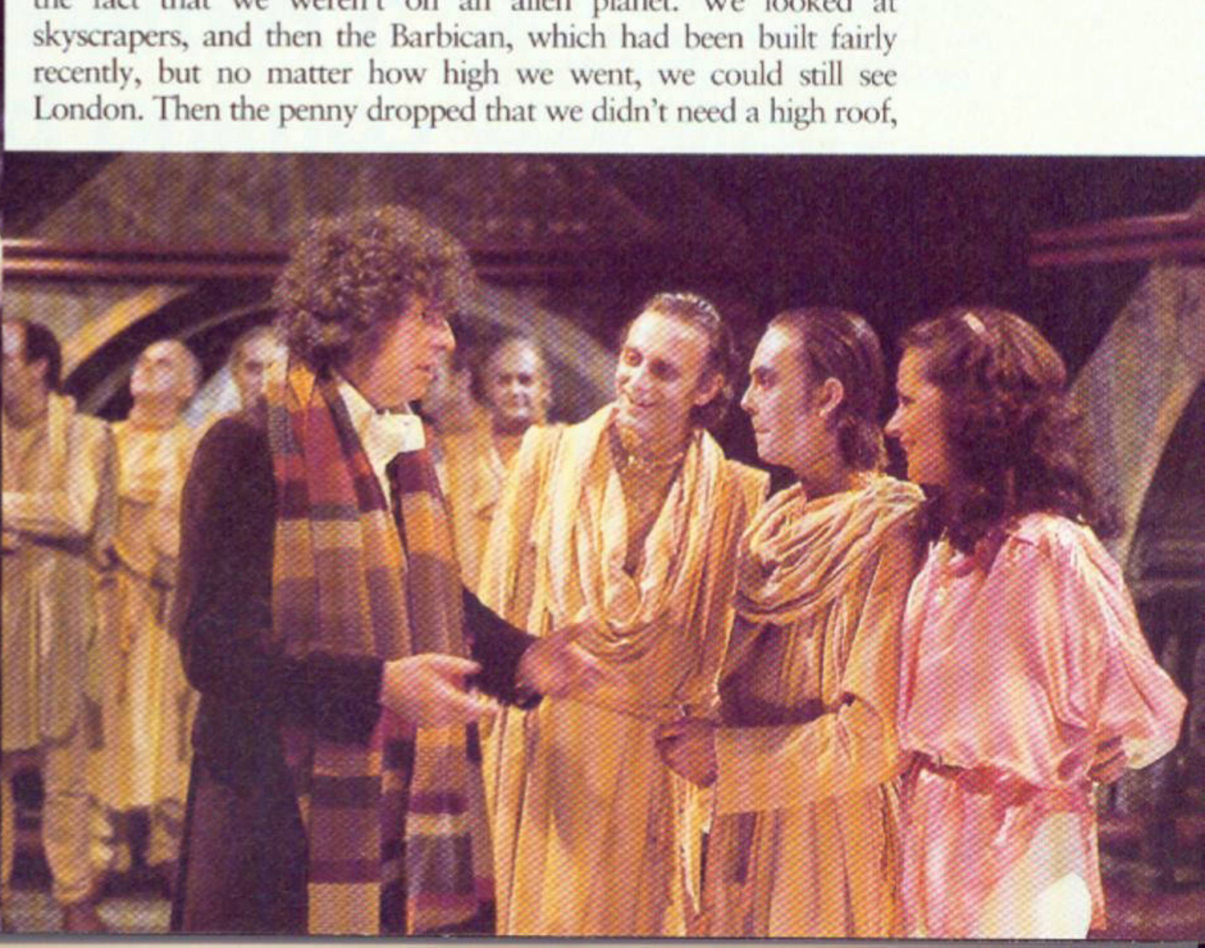
**"I never thought *Doctor Who* was science fiction. It was a light-hearted Saturday evening fantasy."**

*The Sun Makers* saw the genesis of a Pennant Roberts trademark: altering the sex of one or two of the male characters in each story. "It's always something I think about. As a general rule, you would find eight male characters to every two female, so by changing the sex, you created a character that was more innovative and less of a cliché. Here we had Adrienne Burgess' character, Veet, who would otherwise have been a fairly ordinary forger. Because we made her this diminutive figure, and Adrienne was very lithe, the character took on a different quality. I did the same thing with Marn. She was such a contrast to Richard's Gatherer, and so straight-faced and deferential, that it was difficult to envisage how the character would have turned out had it stayed male."

Christine Rawlins, the costume designer, recalls that early Aztec-style design ideas were abandoned some way into production. I asked Pennant about this. "I think we just didn't have the money. We may not have had the man-hours either, which was the other half of the equation at the BBC in those days. Even if you *could* afford to build a set, if the planners hadn't allocated you the actual hours, then you couldn't do it. The same thing happened when we built a prison camp down in Dorset for *Tenko*. We found a site which was fine on three sides but which ran for a mile in the fourth direction, so obviously we had to block that off. I suggested to the designer that we build a cheap eight-foot fence to disguise this expanse, which couldn't possibly be dressed to look like the Malayan jungle, but he told me that it would cost the same whether the flattage was bamboo or the interior of a Regency house. It was measured in man-hours. It was a silly way of doing it, but you had to take it into account. I fancy that on *The Sun Makers*, we had to do a rethink halfway down the design path when we discovered that the plans we'd submitted were going to be too expensive in terms of man-hours.

"Another problem was finding a roof high enough to disguise the fact that we weren't on an alien planet. We looked at skyscrapers, and then the Barbican, which had been built fairly recently, but no matter how high we went, we could still see London. Then the penny dropped that we didn't need a high roof,

**Left:** The nurse (Rosalind Lloyd) plots her treachery in *The Pirate Planet*.



**Below:** Tom Baker spins an entertaining yarn for his fellow actors on the set of the same story.

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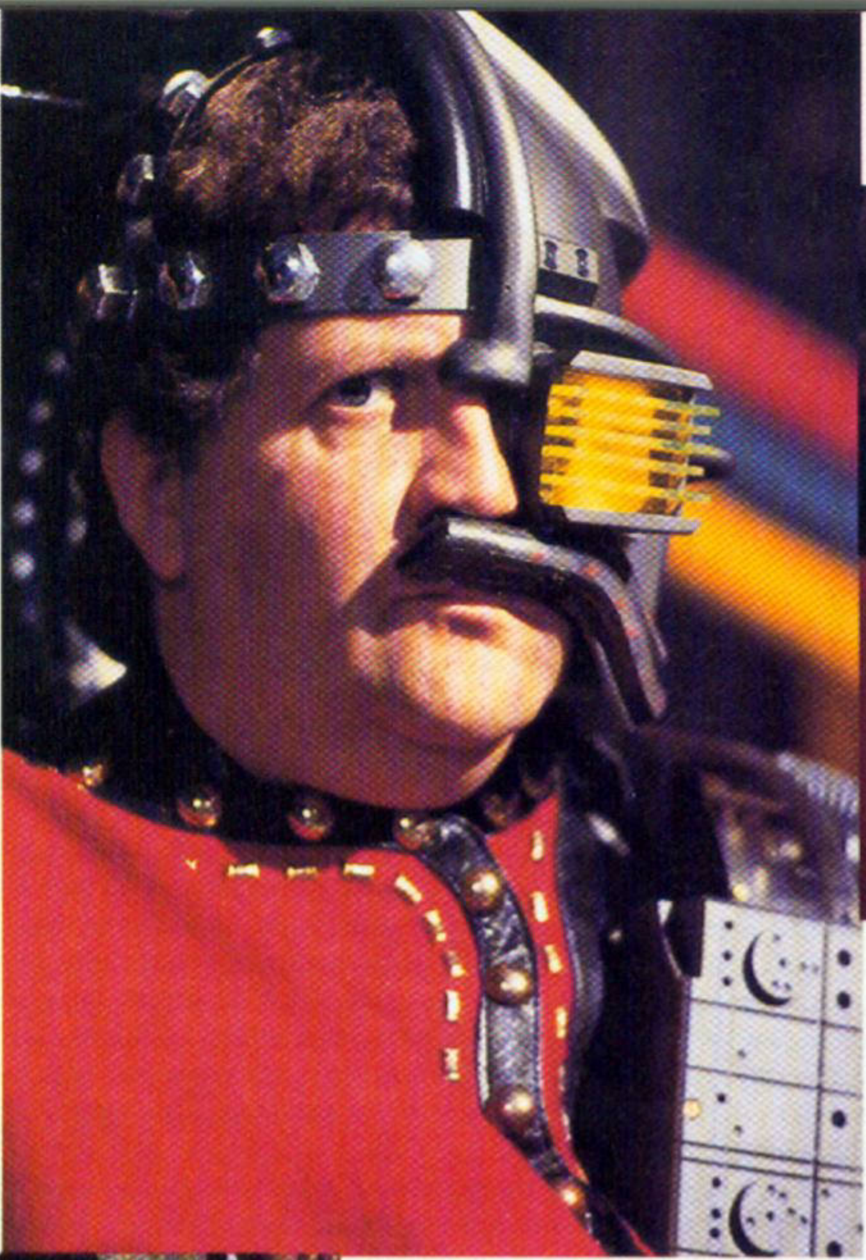


**Clockwise from below:** Scenes from *The Pirate Planet*: The Doctor, Kimus (David Warwick) and Mula (Primi Townsend) plan a rescue attempt; the PIrate Captain (Bruce Purchase); the Doctor expresses his disbelief at the Captain's audacious plan . . .

we needed a large one – then all you could see would be roof. This took us to a tobacco factory in Bristol with an enormous roof over an assembly line making cigarettes. We were also fortunate to find a corridor which linked two buildings and must have been at least 300 yards long. The uniforms of the operatives in the factory was remarkably similar to the uniforms of the Pluto people, so we appeared to have stumbled upon the terrestrial equivalent of Pluto in Bristol! I remember sitting on the coach with Tom one lunch time, and about six of the workers spotted him and rushed the coach, almost tipping it over!"

Shortly after finishing work on *The Sun Makers*, Pennant was hired to join producer David Maloney and script editor Chris Boucher on the new BBC science fiction series *Blake's 7*. Although he directed the second episode to be transmitted, it was filmed first, so Pennant again made a major contribution to casting. "I'd worked with Michael Keating on *The Sun Makers* and *Doomwatch*. Sally Knyvette I'd met, but as with Louise Jameson, I hadn't worked with her. I'd offered Gareth Thomas the part which eventually went to Denis Lill in *Survivors*, but he had turned it down. I also recommended Jan Chappell to David Maloney when her agent put her up for the part of Cally. Who's left? Paul Darrow – he was an old chum of David's. They went back some way."

Pennant was not invited back for the second season of *Blake's 7* – the result, he believes, of an outspoken meeting with the BBC Planners, called by two directors to lobby for more time and money. *Blake's 7* got both, but he was not there to see it. *Doctor Who*, however, was gearing up for its sixteenth season. "Anthony Read was the new script editor. He was very organised and a good storyteller. He used to be the producer of a series called *Troubleshooters*. I always got along with him, and we still do the odd gig together talking about writers' and directors' rights. I enjoyed *The Pirate Planet* very much, I have to admit. Bruce Purchase and Andy Robertson worked well together, and we were starting to use CSO in ways which were getting more sophisticated and yet were still economical.

"The story certainly moved along, but some of the concepts – the Mentiads, for example – were weird. I remember Graham Williams coming back from holiday before production and saying in the bar that *The Pirate Planet* wouldn't work. I thought we should give it a go. The problems weren't insurmountable. I argued that if Douglas Adams' imagination was sufficiently fertile to think of these things, we could find some way of achieving them. We put our minds to it and came up with solutions."

With location filming becoming increasingly expensive, *The Pirate Planet* was fortunate to shoot as far afield as Wales. "I don't think there was necessarily more money available. Often you would find that the earlier you were in the season's run, the better off you were. If you were towards the end, you might have to economise because someone else had overspent. We selected our locations with some care, and that helped. *Doctor Who* had always filmed rather a lot in the Wookey Hole caves, but we wanted a more controllable area. Michael Morris, the First Assistant Director, came from South Wales as well, and he knew of this railway going into a tunnel. We planned everything around that and the mountain.

"The other delight was filming at Berkeley nuclear power station. We had quite a clever special effects man who knew his explosives – I think it was Colin Mapson. The chief engineer of the power station was a little worried about us wanting to stage explosions there, but we said, 'Oh, it's very small!' The door of this filing cabinet we were blowing up was supposed to come away about two feet, but of course on the take we packed in a bit more explosive!

"You filmed about three-and-a-half minutes on location per day back then, as opposed to 17 in the studio, so you had that much more time. That was why people generally preferred working outside. A sequence requiring video effects would tend not to be put on location – the exception being the spanner at the end of The Pirate Planet, which was overlaid on film. It doesn't look quite right because a video picture is solid whereas the film is juddering through the camera gate. Some of the effects in *Shada*, particularly to do with Skagra's sphere, would have suffered in the same way.

**"I remember Graham Williams coming back from holiday and saying that *The Pirate Planet* wouldn't work."**

"I recall we shot the sequence with K9 fighting the mechanical parrot last of all on the studio day, and it was certainly one of the hairiest bits. We had something like 27 scenes to record in the last two hours, though some were very short, and in the end I had to just point all my cameras at K9 in the last two minutes and get a sequence of shots in the can to edit afterwards. Come 10 o'clock, we had to finish. There was no latitude."

**Next Issue: Pennant on *Shada, Erinella, Warriors of the Deep* and *Timelash*.**

# Shelf Life

There was an old man of St Bees,
Who was stung on the arm by a wasp.
When asked, does it hurt?
He replied, no it doesn't,
I'm just glad that it's Shelf Life again with **Dave Owen**.

## BAD THERAPY

Roz Forrester is dead. This statement may provoke howls of anguish, not only from admirers of the stress-ridden adjudicator herself, but also those generally wary of having plot revelations spoiled by this column. However, we are not giving away any of the events of this month's books – Roz's death, it seems, was to have been described in what should have been last month's *New Adventure*, *So Vile A Sin*. Losing that book has been doubly unfortunate to the range, both depriving the 'Psi-Powers' sequence of a denouement, and forcing the next book in the sequence to appear out of context. This is *Bad Therapy* (ISBN 0 426 20490 5), the debut novel from DWM's *Fluid Links* columnist, Matthew Jones.

**Bad Therapy** *by Matthew Jones*

He'd lost the case, possibly his job, and certainly any chance of promotion in the next century. Not to mention any respect he'd ever earned from his colleagues over the years. And all because he'd believed the Doctor and his lies. He ought to hate the little man. But he couldn't find it in himself to feel hatred towards the Doctor. He was angry with him. He was bloody angry with him. But he couldn't imagine ever hating someone who was as infuriatingly unique as the Doctor.

*A traveller in space and time.*

No, it was impossible. The very idea was preposterous. Wasn't it ?

**The Doctor is an interesting figure for writers when dealing with unreasonable or bigoted viewpoints.**

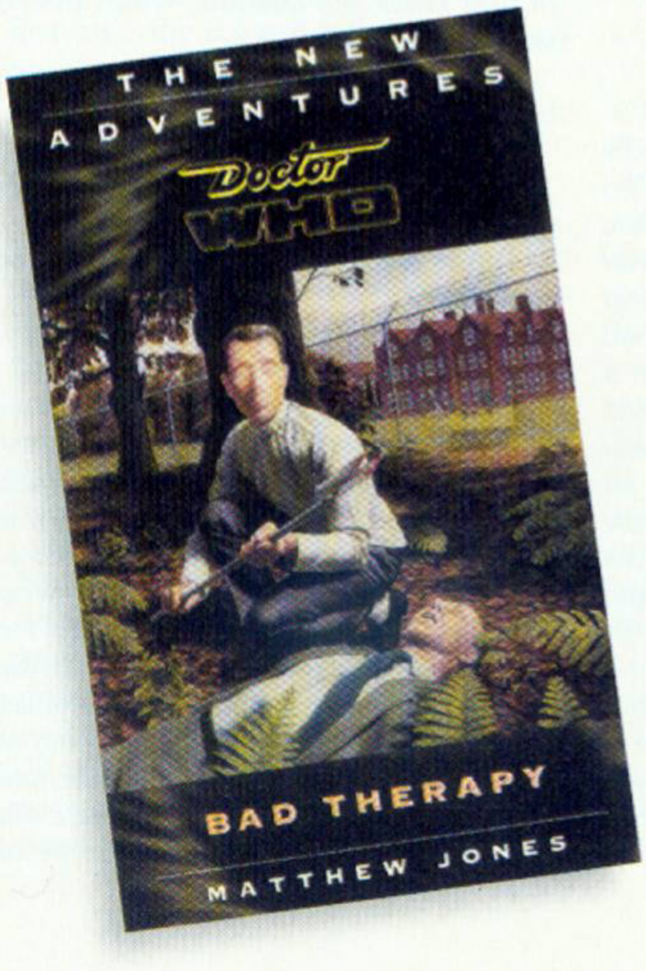
An unsubtle comparison is to imagine what *Time-Flight* would have been like if the preceding TV story, *Earthshock*, had gone untransmitted. Viewers would be left to surmise that Adric had died, and would have to guess just how. But at least the characters in *Time-Flight* dry their eyes and get on with their next adventure right away. By contrast, *Bad Therapy* has been written specifically to follow *So Vile A Sin*. Not only do Chris and the Doctor's thoughts repeatedly turn to their late companion, but the underlying theme of the book is emotional bereavement and ways of dealing with it.

The setting is the underside of London in 1958 and will be instantly familiar to anyone who has seen the film *Scandal* or Dennis Potter's *Lipstick on Your Collar*. This was an unenlightened age in many regards, with capital punishment still part of the British constitution, and homosexuality, even between consenting adults in private, an imprisonable offence. I was recently reminded that such intolerance survives to this day when reading a review of the *New Adventure, Damaged Goods*, which declared that homosexuality had no part in *Doctor Who*. I'd advise the gentleman who wrote that piece not to even bother opening *Bad Therapy*.

The Doctor is an interesting figure for writers when dealing with unreasonable or even bigoted viewpoints. The police officer he falls in with here has utter contempt for homosexual men; in fact it is his job to lock them up. The Doctor expresses surprise rather than anger at Inspector Harris' attitude, and has no personal agenda to try and change it, opting more practically to retain the policeman's services for opening doors.

The Seventh Doctor's almost misanthropic tendency to neglect individuals close to him in order to save the day on a larger scale continues here, not only with Chris, with whom he has shunned contact since Roz's death, but also with an old friend of his who reappears unexpectedly. Although *Bad Therapy* is a deliberately personal story, I didn't feel as if I was being helped to get to know the supporting characters; perhaps a deeper insight into their thoughts and fears would have meant I cared about them more. Matthew possibly steers clear of this on purpose to safeguard the true nature of some protagonists, but the result is a book which failed to sustain my interest throughout, and seems about 100 pages too long. It would be a richer work if there were fewer plot twists and more historical observation, or a change of setting.

Different writers bring their own interests to the *New Adventures*, and it's enjoyable spotting their inspirations, such as Andy Lane's nods to Arthur C Clarke, or David A MacIntee's love of Ian Fleming. *Bad Therapy* suggests to me that its author is overwhelmingly a fan of the *New Adventures* themselves, since he positively revels in the opportunities the range affords, denied to other formats *Doctor Who* has taken. This book didn't move me as much as *Toy Soldiers*, with which it has some thematic similarities, but Matthew Jones clearly shows he has the potential to write about all aspects of human life.



## COLD FUSION

Roz Forrester is alive! Or at least she is when she appears in this month's *Missing Adventure*, *Cold Fusion* (ISBN 0 426 20489 1), along with the Seventh Doctor and Chris Cwej. It's actually a Fifth Doctor story from Lance Parkin, the author of the excellent *Just War*. I have found it satisfying to see inventions from the *New Adventures* appear retrospectively in the *Missing Adventures*, binding the ranges together, and Lance is the perfect author for the task, having already integrated their events with those of the television series in *A History of the Universe*.

*Cold Fusion* is set about 800 years in the future on an icy-cold Earth colony world, where rebel terrorists are fighting Imperial forces. The colony, rather reminiscent of the Soviet Union with its snow-covered public parks with huge statues of notable leaders and scientists, is driven by scientists who are replacing the dissatisfied workforce with machines and investigating a unique artefact that has been discovered deep underground.

Never boring, *Cold Fusion* is readable in a couple of sittings at most, with cliffhanger chapter endings making it genuinely difficult to put down. Lance knows exactly what *Doctor Who* fans like. Not only does tension rise throughout the story as the

### **Cold Fusion** *by Lance Parkin*

Something about him irritated her, probably the realisation that she was getting old: when the Doctor looks younger than you, then you're past it.

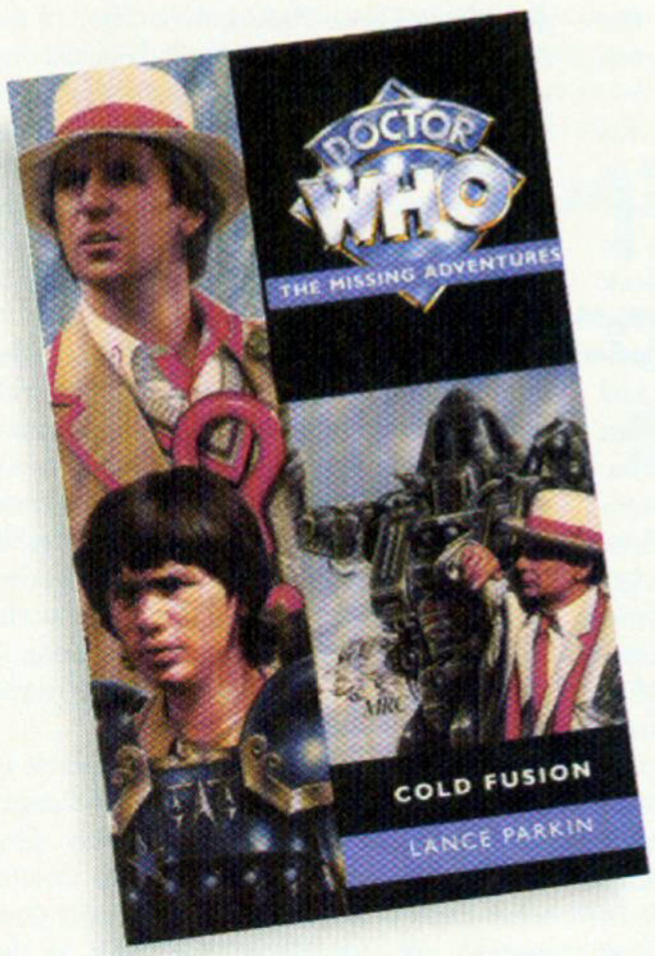
"Have I got this right?" Adric asked, passing the drawing pad over to the other Doctor. In the absence of anything better to do, Forrester watched the pair of them. The Doctor was more relaxed around Adric than anyone else she'd ever seen. He watched him, was interested in what he was doing. Like a grandfather playing with his grandson. But there was more to it than that. The Doctor's eyes betrayed a sadness of some kind, some deep regret that he was leaving unvoiced. The younger Doctor had noticed it, too, Roz could tell.

stakes get higher and higher, but *Doctor Who* mythos and folklore, both televised and written, is alluded to almost constantly. This is only superfluous once, when the Doctor and Adric discover a cryogenic suspension casket containing a withered husk which Adric, for no reason I can ascertain, exclaims to be the Master. Several hundred words of exposition on who the Master is follows, before the Doctor explains that this is not him after all.

With two Doctors and five companions between them, the incidental characters don't get much of a look-in, but this is less of a problem in the formalised society of the future where their roles and functions are more significant than their personalities. I found Lance's depiction of Tegan rather hit-and-miss, with her vocabulary being far more formal than I am used to, but he's spot-on with all the others, especially Chris and Roz, who I'm slightly startled to discover I now feel I know far better than Adric and Nyssa.

The story is high on action, with plenty of hardware, chases and a couple of truly gruesome deaths. Amidst all this comes plenty of introspection from the Doctor, as he telepathically links with another Gallifreyan and looks back into Time Lord history. Lance tantalises his readers by interrupting these flashbacks with some more action just as soon as they seem to be about to reveal something momentous about the Doctor.

A merely good book is made wonderful by the volume of witty, often metatextual references which pervade it. There's a *Fawlty Towers* quote here, as in *Just War*, and lines from televised *Doctor Who* are recycled to great comic effect. The exquisitely meaningless Target novelisation chapter title *Escape to Danger* comes out for a lap of honour, and I was grinning from ear-to-ear when I realised that a description of the TARDIS' interior dimensions came straight from the film *Dr Who and the Daleks*. *Shelf Life* is especially flattered, however, to see its words on the subject of matter transportation from **DWM** Issue 239 quoted almost verbatim.



**This is the single funniest book I have ever read.**

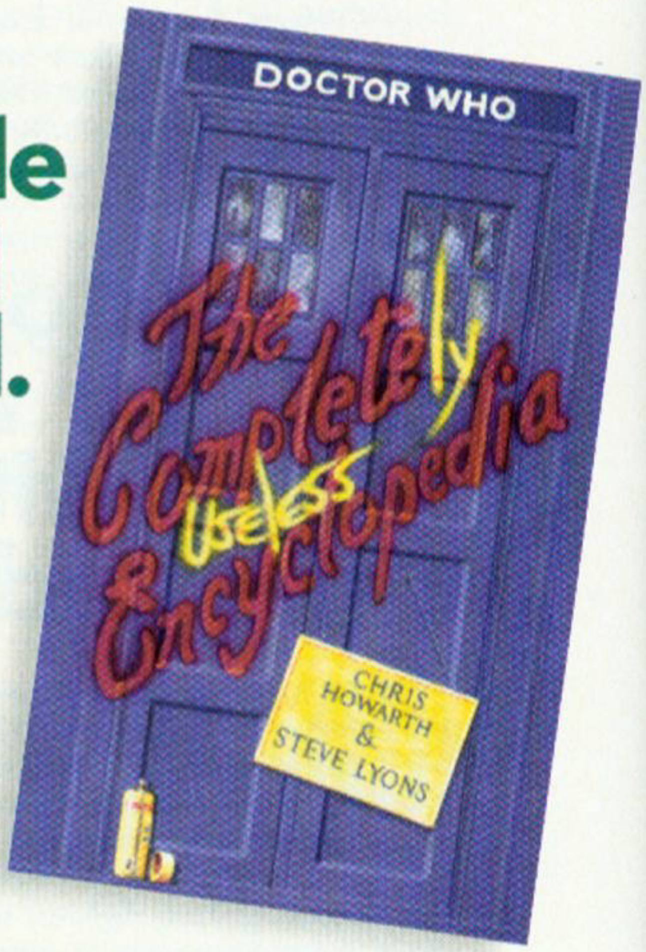
Science and magic appear side-by-side throughout, and the coexistence of terrorists with bombs, next to angels who can be held at bay with chalk circles, is one of the book's more impressive fusions. The author makes his craft seem deceptively easy – his style is never laboured, and like a *Doctor Who* handyman, he fixes things as he goes, for example, explaining the presence of the Eye of Harmony in the TARDIS in the TV Movie. The weather in this book, cold and snowy, exactly matches the conditions in the British Isles between transmission of *Castrovalva* and *Four to Doomsday*, the gap in which it is set. With other authors I would consider this mere coincidence, but with Lance Parkin, I'm not so sure.

Clever.

## DOCTOR WHO
## THE COMPLETELY USELESS ENCYCLOPEDIA

There have been far too many supposedly complete almanacs of *Doctor Who* published over the years. Only Jean-Marc Lofficier's *Doctor Who – The Universal Databank* is much use, and only because it appeared after the BBC TV series had finished and can thus claim to cover it completely. The worst offender is David Saunders' utterly redundant *Encyclopedia of the Worlds of Doctor Who*, which far from being a planetary gazetteer as the title suggests, is a dictionary of items in the series which appear in the first 23 seasons and have names which do not begin with the letters between T and Z. Putting *Doctor Who* into alphabetical order has not thus far been a conspicuous success, which is why Chris Howarth and Steve Lyons have given up and produced a comedy book instead.

It is *Doctor Who – The Completely Useless Encyclopedia* (ISBN 0 426 20485 9), a 209-page paperback, which unusually had me laughing by the time I had reached the contents page. The authors simply work through the alphabet, pausing to define or elaborate upon any item that takes their interest. I get the impression that Virgin Publishing are letting their hair down now that their special relationship with BBC Worldwide is changing, since the entries and lists contained here are not just funny, but often cynical and even irreverent about the output of BBC TV, BBC Worldwide, Marvel, Virgin and its precursors and competitors. Satire has finally arrived in *Doctor Who* publishing, and it feels fresh and vibrant.


DOCTOR WHO
The Completely Useless Encyclopedia
CHRIS HOWARTH & STEVE LYONS

I'm not exaggerating when I say that this is the single funniest book I have ever read, because it is aimed exactly at people like me – Britons who have been active *Doctor Who* fans for years. Others will find it mystifying and cliquish. To find material like this before, I would have to have combed the very best and funniest fanzines available. Many of the authors' observations depend upon a certain foreknowledge of their tastes and attitudes, which can be summed up as follows:

1) Nichola Bryant has a lovely, nay, unforgettable figure.
2) Isn't it great?
3) *The Trial of a Time Lord* wasn't very good.
4) And neither was the Fifth Doctor, for that matter.
5) *Doctor Who* fans are funny.
6) But not as funny as the press claims.

Much of the satire expresses concerns on the shortcomings of other items of *Doctor Who* merchandising and publishing, such as model Davroses with the wrong number of arms (one too many) and model *Encyclopedias of the Worlds of Doctor Who* with the wrong number of entries for *Castrovalva* (one too few). To remedy the latter deficiency, the authors have provided a replacement entry that you can cut out of their book and paste into the other one, and they're even so thoughtful as to point out that you'll have to buy a second copy of

**When *Day of the Daleks* is good, it's wonderful, and gets better as it goes along.**

theirs to replace the one you've just ruined.

You can therefore imagine my delight when I spotted a few howlers of their own, which in the interests of accuracy it falls to *Shelf Life* to point out. Professor Kettlewell's experimental robot was called K1, and not K2, which is a big mountain somewhere. And *I'm Going To Spend My Christmas With A Dalek* was recorded not by the Go-Gos (who would all have been about 10 when it came out, anyway) but by the Go-*Joes*, who were a far more culturally significant phenomenon, metamorphosing a few years later into that apotheosis of female choreography, Pan's People.

*The Completely Useless Encyclopedia* is bitingly witty proof that *Doctor Who* fans can find their favourite programme, and themselves, far funnier than anyone else trying to send it and them up. I earnestly hope there can be another volume from Chris and Steve. But then, I'd have to say that after the colossal bribe they bunged me, wouldn't I?

### LASERDISCS
### *DAY OF THE DALEKS*
### *THE ARK IN SPACE*

I had almost forgotten about laserdisc. The format was covered enthusiastically on BBC TV's *Tomorrow's World* in the seventies, a virtual guarantee of subsequent commercial obscurity, and in the UK at least, it appeared that laserdisc had gone the same way as such overnight antiques as the Betamax VCR or eight-track music cartridges. Exploring the MOMI *Doctor Who* exhibition in 1992, I was baffled by what appeared to be the sleeve of a 12-inch vinyl LP bearing the original video cover artwork to *Revenge of the Cybermen*. Only later did I realise what this was - the only UK-released laserdisc of a *Doctor Who* story available until now. The format is more popular in Japan and the USA, though, and a few American releases, such as *Destiny of the Daleks*, *The Five Doctors* and an omnibus edition of *Day of the Daleks* have previously been available via importers.

It's easy to be cynical about the medium. The immediate advantages of its alternative, videotape, to *Doctor Who* fans are obvious; most homes already possess a video recorder, there is a large range of *Doctor Who* titles available to buy at reasonable prices, or even to rent from larger outlets. Plus, as well as playing back, VCRs can record *Doctor Who*, either from repeat runs on cable, satellite and BBC2 or even on the rare occasions when new stories are made and shown. I suspect the revival in videodisc's popularity is due to the boom in home cinema. More and more front rooms are becoming equipped with large, flatscreen TVs capable of cinematic aspect ratios, and bone-rattling arrays of super-woofers and surround-sound processors. This is all very well, but if the signal source is a badly-duplicated prerecorded video cassette that has to be returned to the retailer several times until a satisfactory copy is obtained, then clearly Something Has To Change.

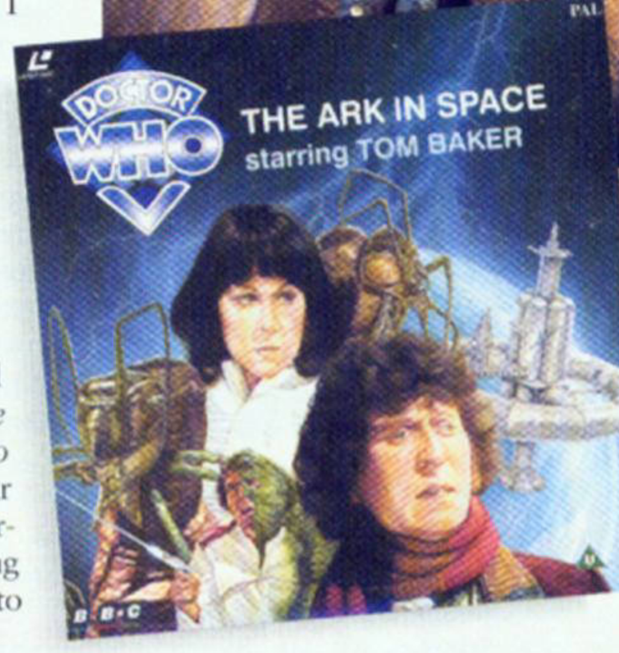
I finally became converted when a friend showed me his player and selection of discs. The vastly superior picture quality over tape means that the latest *Doctor Who* releases from Encore Entertainment will appear broadcast standard. The capacity of the discs at Constant Linear Velocity (the format used here) means that at around an hour per side, all four episodes of each story fit over both sides of each disc, and the episodic format of the releases mean that *Doctor Who* fans have an advantage over their film buff counterparts, with natural breaks at which to turn them over. As with music compact discs, the audio signal is encoded digitally, although the video signal is analogue. Unlike a video tape, however, the disc will not degrade with repeated playing and can reasonably be expected to last a lifetime, making it a perfect medium for those *Doctor Who* fans who, according to Peter Davison, watch each episode 500 times. Pause and slow-motion facilities are far clearer than on tape, too, especially for discs that use the slightly less capacious Constant Angular Velocity format. Stereo sound is supported, and often mono programming is accompanied by an alternative soundtrack, perhaps featuring foreign dialogue, or a production commentary from a director.

Encore have played safe with their first two *Doctor Who* releases. Logically, they have included the two leading men guaranteed to appeal most to the public, Jon Pertwee and Tom Baker. Keeping prices low with a single disc per release, they have stuck to four-part stories. And inevitably, the Daleks should appear in at least one of the stories. An important consideration when releasing on laserdisc, too, is the picture quality of the source material. Although any colour stories might be suitable, they should preferably be those for which the original 625-line PAL video masters survive, in order to fully exploit the bandwidth now available.

*Day of the Daleks* (EE1202) fits the bill perfectly. I must declare a personal interest and confess that this was the second *Doctor Who* story I ever saw, on its original transmission in 1972, and I can see why I was hooked – it takes time travel as its main theme, a surprisingly infrequent occurrence in a series concerning a time traveller. It also features the Daleks, although it isn't actually about them, and introduces their simian servants, the Ogrons. Both are particularly scary for younger viewers, who could reproduce the concrete and grass wastelands of the 22nd century in their own playgrounds. 25 years later, it appears a little rushed in its script-editing, its performances (the excellent cast all seem to be on first takes, especially in the first couple of episodes which contain too many fluffed lines) and its post-production, which has the closing music sting reprised at the start of several episodes.

However, when *Day of the Daleks* is good, it's wonderful, and gets better as it goes along. The film work is almost of feature standard, especially in the grounds of the stately home in which the story is based, and the much-scorned attack on it by Daleks and Ogrons looks superb, as they march steadily across the lawns through a haze of smoke, with the shots of peace delegates being led away aping the filmed news reports of 1972 perfectly. Those intrigued by what certain enyclopedias of *Doctor Who* say about appearances by Katy Manning's underwear will be grateful for laserdisc's clearer freeze-frame. I imagine.

> ***The Ark In Space* shows *Doctor Who* playing to its strengths.**



*The Ark In Space* (EE1158) seems a less obvious choice. Although well-written and well-made, it lacks a memorable foe, and *Terror of the Zygons*, *Pyramids of Mars*, and *The Deadly Assassin* would all have done just as well to showcase the Fourth Doctor, as well as demonstrate more exciting locations than the studio-based story Encore has chosen. At least *The Ark In Space* shows *Doctor Who* playing to its strengths, portraying fear and danger through credible performances rather than overwhelming visuals, and the three leads managing to carry the first episode alone.

It's interesting to see Tom Baker almost at the very outset of his stint on the series here, sounding like an older, less whimsical Doctor than the one he became. It's therefore more jarring to see him pop-eyed and spouting gibberish after linking his cerebral cortex to that of a Wirrn, the parasitic insect species that has infested the space station of the title in this 1975 foreshadowing of *Alien*.

The discs are packaged with photographs, colourful artwork by Pete Wallbank and some reasonably detailed sleeve notes, which go so far as to mention the stories' origins and give brief episode summaries, broadcast dates and cast lists. Each episode has about ten Chapter Stops, the laserdisc method of indexing discs to allow rapid random access, given names here like "An Indomitable Species" and "Almost Too Horrible To Think About". At £21.99 each, they are attractively priced, with laserdisc players starting at around £300.

Tempting.

## Competition!

**Win a *Doctor Who* Laserdisc!**

Yes, loyal reader, the generous laydees and gennelmen at Encore Entertainment have offered us FIVE Laserdiscs to give away in a special competition. You even get to choose your own prize, between a copy of *Day of the Daleks* or *The Ark in Space*.

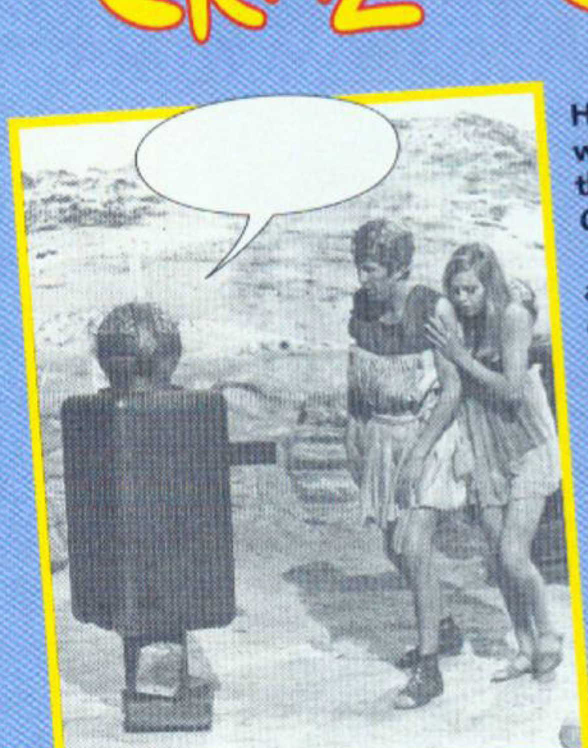
To get your name in the hat, just answer these two questions . . .

1) In which story had viewers last had a glimpse of a Dalek prior to the original transmission of *Day of the Daleks*?

2) In which later story did a dead Wirrn – the monsters in *The Ark in Space* – make a guest appearance?

Send your answers to YOU CAN SMEAR JAM ON THEM AND THEY STILL PLAY! (ALLEGEDLY) at the editorial address on page three. The usual rules apply. Don't forget to specify your choice of disc!

# CRAZY CAPTION!



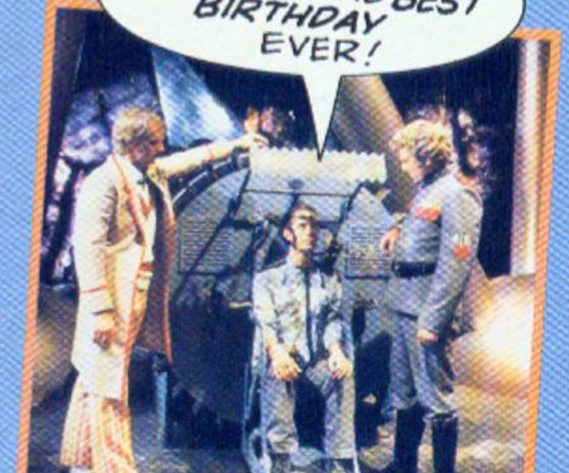
**Here's your chance to win one of ten copies of the new BBC Video *The Green Death*.**

Simply devise an amusing statement for the caption in the picture on the left. The best 10 will win a video. We'll print our favourites in a future issue.

Send your entry on the back of a postcard to **CRAZY CAPTION 246** at the editorial address on page three.

### Crazy Caption 242 result

Mellow-yellow assistant editor Scott Gray has recently been building on his reputation as the champion of all things stress-free. While we are quite prepared to tolerate his constant use of aromatherapy candles, oil burners and whale-song tapes around the office, fans at the recent PanoptiCon '96 convention must surely have been disturbed by the sight of the *Timelines* editor levitating above the crowds around the Marvel stand, smiling soporifically down at the adoring throng and urging them to subscribe and get a free binder. Disaster was narrowly avoided when he momentarily lost concentration and started a rapid descent into the melée on catching sight of an attractive young lady leaning against a doorpost dressed as Ace. Judging this issue's *Crazy Caption* competition was all we could think of to restore his equilibrium, and his preferred choice is shown above, from **Rich Black** of Wokingham (again!). "What it is, man." I ask you . . .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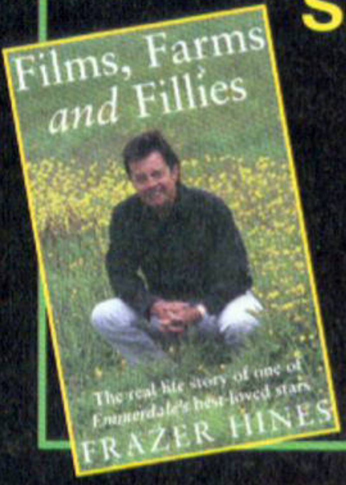
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# 20 forgotten functions of the TARDIS!

In a show where period, location and even the face of the lead character can change from week to week, there remains only one true constant. The TARDIS has been a steadfast icon – give or take the odd sloping roof, redesigned console room, locking mechanism and cloaking device – since Day One. It's been around so long, in fact, that even its owner seems to have forgotten most of what it can do. To help out, **Steve Lyons** and **Chris Howarth** present this helpful guide . . .

### 1 The Hostile Action Displacement System (HADS)

This handy device moves the TARDIS in the event of its being attacked. Not so handy, though, if your foes are a bit more credible than the Krotons and aren't liable to mistake dematerialisation for destruction, nor to miss the sound of your wily craft *vworp*ing back into existence a few feet away. Presumably, this is why the Doctor never bothered to switch it on again, although it was no great loss (what with the plasmic shell being invulnerable and all).

### 2 The Failsafe Device

If the TARDIS is in danger of breaking up, this will find and lock on to the nearest spacecraft, seeming to utilise the back door and working wonders for the chameleon circuit in the process. When it took the Doctor to Terminus, he said it had never worked before. He may well feel aggrieved that it never kicked in on those occasions when the outer doors have sprung open in the vortex.

### 3 The State of Temporal Grace

This prevents any and all weapons from being used in the console room. Oh yes it *does*. Well, now and then. In *The Hand of Fear*, the Doctor implies that it's not so much a function but some side-effect of the ship's occupants not existing any more. He doesn't half talk a load of old cobblers sometimes.

### 4 The Isomorphic Controls

The console, we're told, will respond to the Doctor's touch alone. Pretty useful when you're trying to convince Sutekh not to run off with your ship; less so when you're dying from a virus and Leela has to get you to hospital. As with most things, it seems the TARDIS does as it damn well pleases.

### 5 The TARDIS Lock

"Okay, it's a 21-tumbler system which melts if you find the wrong hole. It's attuned to the metabolisms of its crew and will open for nobody else. Or it takes a simple key which fits every TARDIS on Gallifrey. Who do you think is bluffing, Frank?"

### 6 The Visual Stabiliser Circuit

Unintentional it may be – but when it's not working, this item renders the TARDIS invisible, which is how it stayed for the duration of *The Invasion*. It's a neat trick if you can do it, though, and surely someone must have thought of wiring in an on/off switch? Who'd need a chameleon circuit – sorry, cloaking device – then? Sure, finding your ship later might be a problem, but the Time Lords have only to duplicate the innovative technology that brought us the whistling key-ring and they're sorted.

### 7 The Cloister Bell

An alarm system reserved for dire emergencies, such as when you're hurtling back in time towards the Big Bang. Alternatively, the TARDIS might choose to alert its crew more gently by melting all clocks on board and using its telepathic circuits to drive everyone insane.

### 8 The Fast Return Switch

The quickest way back to Event One, should you be so inclined as to risk certain death by going there. Best lock away your favourite clocks first, though.

### 9 The Ability to Drift Back in Time and Meet the Doctor

Separated from the TARDIS by a gulf of years in *Revenge of the Cybermen*, the Doctor simply had to wait for it to find its way back to him. Of all the contrived devices created to fill the plot holes left by the series' absence of a budget and its consequent use of one lot of sets for two stories, we suppose this isn't a bad one. But if you want to split hairs, you could point out that nothing of the sort happened in *Mawdryn Undead*. As if that story didn't have enough continuity problems already.

### 10 The Power Booster

Used by the Doctor to give his ship the pep it needed to break free of the Great Intelligence's grip in *The Web of Fear*, and from his own time loop in *The Claws of Axos*. Modern-day continuity fanatics might look back at these incidents and claim that he actually opened the Eye of Harmony for a few seconds to "jump-start" the TARDIS. Or not.

### 11 The Time Vector Generator

Despite its ability to zap people and even send them into the future, the primary purpose of this component is to make the TARDIS dimensionally transcendental. Presumably, it's related to the more sensibly named dimensional control unit which did the same job in the Meddling Monk's craft.

### 12 The Internal Scanner

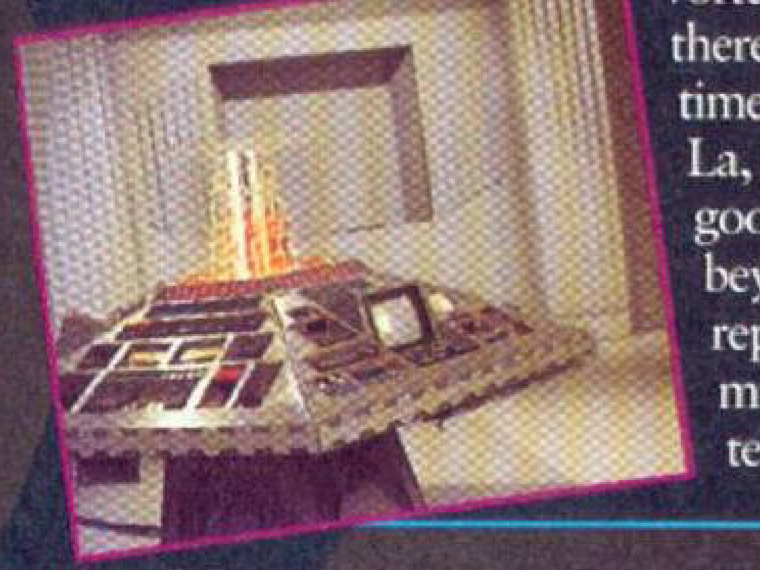
We all know about the external one, which warns the Doctor when he's underwater, in hostile territory, about to be gunned down by a street gang if he steps outside, etc. But showing that the same screen could be trained onto Nyssa's bedroom in *Terminus* was a bit of an admission, wasn't it? This raises disturbing questions about the privacy of companions once they step into the famous blue box. Can the Doctor, for example, observe them showering or using the swimming pool? Could he record, say, Peri in the bath and mass-produce the tape for sale to retail outlets? We need to know.

### 13 The Tractor Beam

Seen in *The Creature from the Pit*. Well, every other sci-fi ship has one, so it's only fair.

### 14 The Vortex Drive

Perhaps forgetting the above, the Doctor employed this to save the Navarino's bus in *Delta and the Bannermen*. Its anti-gravity spiral proved invaluable when a low orbital satellite jammed the navipod of the Hellstrom Fireball engine. What a fascinating concept! Were bus and TARDIS, we wonder, travelling through the vortex itself? If so, how did the satellite get in there? If not, how could they have gone back in time? Did the bus materialise outside Shangri-La, or did it drop from the atmosphere? What good is an anti-gravity spiral when you're beyond the reach of gravity? The scientific repercussions of this are . . . Oh no, wait a minute, we forgot! They just make up this technical stuff, don't they?



### 15 The Ability to Turn the Console Room the Right Way Up when the TARDIS is Lying on its Side

Employed only in *Time-Flight*, the seminal story which also gave us the Plasmatons. And no wonder. Ever thought about how you'd get out again without falling flat on your face?

### 16 Its Function as a Collector for the Matrix

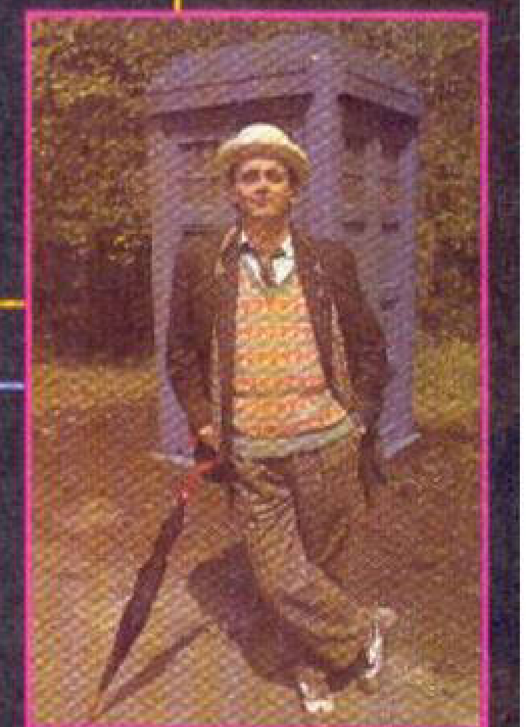
The TARDIS is quite a horder of old *Doctor Who* episodes – perfect for screening at Gallifreyan trials when all that talk gets too boring – although it sometimes gets the details confused. Never mind, the Doctor can always plug his own brain into the system to ensure strict accuracy. This means he can watch *The Evil of the Daleks* whenever he likes, the jammy so-and-so. It also means that any old Time Lord can pop into the Matrix and see what's happening in Nyssa's bedroom as and when he fancies. But all this pales into insignificance when you consider that the TARDIS also collects adventures which haven't yet happened . . .

### 17 The Time Scanner

When the Doctor peered into the future with this, he learned that he was about to be attacked by giant crabs. But he went out and let it happen anyway, which sort of defeats the purpose. Perhaps, though, this is why he always wins – as he can check his adventures beforehand and not bother with those in which he's exterminated. Alternatively, we have a cast-iron excuse for ejecting unpopular stories from the canon. Say the episodes we've seen were projections of the Time Scanner, right? Well, what if the Doctor saw them too and decided to take part only in those he liked? "Let's see: I won't go to Karfel because the scenery's too tacky. Don't think I'll land on Sea Base Four 'cos the Myrka wouldn't help my credibility . . ."

### 18 The Seat Belts

First used in a World Distributors' *Doctor Who Annual*, these essential safety items exploded onto the small screen only a decade later. Trouble is, the multi-coloured monstrosities which bound the Doctor and Peri to the console in *Timelash* left them free to be thrown all over the place. They appear to have no practical value at all then, except perhaps as a primitive form of slimming machine.



### 19 The Emergency Unit

There's a river of lava heading towards your TARDIS, and you've forgotten it's indestructible. You haven't set the HADS either, so what's a Time Lord to do? Well, this all-purpose escape switch will take you out of space and time (there's a fine distinction between this and the normal process of dematerialisation which, erm, takes you out of time and space). However, a bothersome side-effect is that your ship will explode and scatter its crew across the Land of Fiction. A clearer-thinking pilot might see that it's enough just to shift out of the lava's path.

### 20 The Astonishing Ability to Render its Occupants Unconscious upon Take-Off

First and last seen in the episode *An Unearthly Child*, and a good thing too in our opinion.

This spread: Mel (Bonnie Langford) runs into some trouble on Lakertya in *Time and the Rani*. Photo © BBC Video

THE JOHN NATHAN-TURNER MEMOIRS

CHAPTER TEN – SEASON TWENTY-FOUR

Doctor Who's longest-serving producer continues his revealing account of his years with the series

# This could be the start of something BIG!

By January 1987 *The Trial of a Time Lord* had been transmitted, Colin Baker had 'revealed all' in a daily tabloid, the pantomime I'd written and directed, which starred Colin, had broken all box office records and I had been given another season of *Doctor Who* to produce at the eleventh hour. I had less time to prepare this season than any other, including my very first.

Despite the theatre success I was, at this time, extremely low morale-wise. The Saward debacle had taken its toll. I didn't want to produce *Doctor Who*, and I thought of resigning from the BBC. And then, in a peculiar way, it was Saward's venom, the whole anti-JNT faction (led by the fanzine *DWB*) and, yes, certain fans' written and vocal criticisms that made me think again. If an ex-script editor, who was now taking photographs of BBC productions (though, fortunately none of mine), a non-profit-making fanzine, and a select few of the 'fan glitterati' wanted me 'down and out', then there was absolutely no way they were going to get it. I told myself to think of the needs of the Controller of BBC1, the Head of Drama, my immediate boss, my department, my colleagues and our millions of viewers (yes, millions – even if we weren't doing brilliantly). *They* weren't telling me to go! So I put the vocal minority into perspective and decided that, although I had an immense task before me, I would, as Jon Pertwee always advised me, just do the best I could.

Jonathan Powell, my boss, had decided to re-structure the Drama Department, and had appointed Colin Rogers as assistant head of department. Colin was also producing programmes at the same time, and could well have done without being my major contact, as well as that of other producers, with regard to scripts and playbacks. However, Colin and I got on extremely well, I'm glad to say.

Before work could begin on the new set of serials, I had two major priorities: finding a new Doctor and a new script editor.

With regard to the latter, I had a stroke of luck. Richard Wakely – formerly of Peters, Fraser and Dunlop, who later represented me – was someone I had known from the moment I arrived in London in nineteen-hundred-and-frozen-to-death! I had always respected his judgement. He asked me to meet a young man called Andrew Cartmel, which I duly did, and found him bursting with many ideas and, indeed, firm opinions about the show. Although we didn't always agree, we instantly struck up a rapport – which I do think is a good sign. I invited Andrew to join the team and I have never regretted it. By the way, Andrew is also an excellent writer who, in my opinion, underestimates his own writing talent. I had already commissioned Pip and Jane Baker to write what was to become *Time and the Rani*, but Andrew was very keen to encourage new writers to come to *Doctor Who* and he was adept at spotting new talent. All the other writers for the season were sponsored by Andrew, although I did encourage him to use Stephen Wyatt, with whom I'd had various tentative discussions through the previous year, in the absence of a script editor.

My casting of Sylvester McCoy as the Doctor in most ways followed the usual route; quality-listing, endless interviews, brainstorming sessions, wading through piles of suggestions and so on. I think I went to see more theatre and watched more TV at that time than during any other period of my life! One of my theatre trips, at the behest of former agent Brian Wheeler, was to see *The Pied Piper* at the National Theatre, in which Sylvester was playing the title role. I was very impressed, though slightly perturbed, as minutes after Brian had suggested Sylvester to me, I received a phone-call from a producer, Clive Doig, giving me much the same sales pitch about Mr McCoy as Brian Wheeler. It turned out that there was no collusion whatsoever, but I did wonder about this at the time. Anyway, I subsequently invited Sylvester to the office (he was wearing a panama hat) and had one of the usual lengthy sessions discussing the part, the portrayal and what Sylvester might uniquely bring to the role.

I looked at lots of recordings of Sylv's other work together with Andrew, and eventually decided to discuss the idea with Jonathan Powell, my head of department. Jonathan was enthusiastic, but suggested I call in a casting adviser just to see if there was someone else I might have missed in the selection process. Via my new production associate, Ann Faggetter, I engaged the experienced talents of casting director Marilyn Johnson. She joined me for only three days, in order to introduce me to some of her own thoughts as to who might be the next Doctor. I remember when Marilyn arrived at the office, she said, "Personally I think the choice of Sylvester is inspired, but as you've engaged me, I'll try to introduce you to some actors you may not know as possible alternatives." I did indeed meet a lot of talented people, although none were as suitable as Sylvester. Nevertheless, we did a few screen tests, with a script written by Andrew

Kate O'Mara asked how far she should go with regard to her imitation of Mel. Andrew Morgan and I replied in unison, "All the way!"

**Above:** Sylvester McCoy as the Doctor joins Bonnie Langford for Season Twenty-Four's *Time and the Rani.*

**Inset:** Richard Gauntlett as Urak the Tetrap. Photos © BBC Video

Cartmel, directed by Andrew Morgan and featuring Janet Fielding as, in one scene, a companion, and in another, a villainess. Janet was splendid, all the candidates were interesting and talented, and Sylvester was stunning! So, with Jonathan's blessing, I engaged him for one season with options for a further two.

You may recall from an earlier chapter that I had sent a hideous photograph of Kate O'Mara as the old crone from *The Mark of the Rani* to her, inscribed, "What's it worth not to send this to Aaron Spelling?!" just as she was about to fly to LA to join the *Dynasty* cast. Ages later I received a letter – which I still have – which runs, "For goodness sake, send the picture to him and get me out of here! How I long to get away from the relentless sunshine. How I long for the relative obscurity of a picture in the *Radio Times*. How I long for the days of changing my costume on a coach watched by numerous interested technicians." So I rang Kate's agent, asked when his client was coming back to the UK, offered her a contract and commissioned the first story of Season Twenty-Four.

It's worth mentioning here that I had asked Colin Baker to return for the regeneration. Colin, quite rightly in my opinion, had said he'd gladly do a couple of stories, but not just the change-over sequence. Hence, I did feel that a returning villain in the shape of Kate – plus the added publicity of her now being an even bigger household name than before – gave me a strong enough launch for the new season.

## TIME AND THE RANI

Pip and Jane Baker had to write the first story of the season without knowing who the new Doctor would be and with no knowledge of what he would bring to the part. Naturally, the script was adjusted as things became clearer, but they really did have to work blind for most of the time.

I'd known Andrew Morgan for many years and I'd tried to engage him to direct several times before, though dates simply hadn't worked out. I was delighted when he was able to join us and, as you know, this wasn't to be his only story.

Wanda Ventham joined the cast as "Faroon the balloon" as she called her character, as she was going through one of her ample-figure stages, and I was pleased when Donald Pickering, who I'd worked with on *The Pallisers*, agreed to take part.

We had very varied weather on this shoot, some of it quite unpleasant, but many a happy evening was spent with the unit in our warm hotel. One evening Richard Gauntlett (who played Urak, and who is an immensely talented juggler, acrobat and actor) and Sylvester did an impromptu cabaret of bizarre tricks and knock-about comedy. At one point Sylvester got hold of some spoons and started playing them quite brilliantly. It was Geoff Powell, the designer, who suggested we incorporate the spoons into the mad capers of the Seventh's Doctor's regeneration crisis, and he promptly designed the futuristic spoons on the back of a table napkin. The following day Andrew and I decided it was worth pursuing as an idea.

Kate O'Mara, of course, was required to imitate Melanie Bush, as played by Bonnie Langford. At the read-through, Kate gave us a fairly mild, yet accurate, version of Melanie. When the read-through was complete, and we invited questions from the cast, Kate asked how far she should go with regard to her imitation of Mel. Andrew Morgan and I replied in unison, "All the way!"

Kate was to have more serious problem later in studio, however, shooting one of the final scenes of the story. Hanging upside-down for more than a few minutes is quite dangerous, and unfortunately when Kate was suspended like a Tetrap, we had technical problems and she hung, without complaining, for quite a while. Eventually we discovered that doing this had damaged some small blood vessels in her eyes. If you look closely at the video of this story, you can just about see them in some scenes recorded later. Fortunately no permanent damage was done.

At the end of the final recording, Kate joined the company for farewell drinks, looking every inch a Hollywood star. I had some late-night phone calls to make, and when I eventually joined everyone, Sylvester and Kate had come up with an idea for a *Doctor Who* story about smuggling which was chiefly set on a pirate galleon, and, of course, featured the Rani. It was quite obvious this yarn had been maturing for some days, judging by the detail they had in mind. Kate even described her costume which included thigh-length boots! It was rather exciting and extremely flattering that she had enjoyed the show so much she wanted to return yet again. Memories of Saward and so on were starting to pale into insignificance.

## PARADISE TOWERS

Director Nick Mallett and I interviewed various groups of potential Kangs – the 'street kids' in this story – together. You see, in terms of their parts, there really was nothing substantial to read. Most of the Kangs just had odd lines here and there, so we did some interesting improvisational work with the various candidates.

Catherine Cusack was stunning at this kind of work, and when I asked where she'd trained, she informed me that she hadn't been trained at all, but intended to go to drama school eventually. I remember suggesting that, judging by her performance abilities, she was wasting her time going to drama school, as she clearly had so much to offer instinctively as an actress. We gave her the part there and then. I'd always wanted to work with Julie Brennan, then Mark Strickson's wife, and *Paradise Towers* provided an ideal opportunity.

The rest of the cast was like a *Who's Who* of theatre and television: Richard Briers, Liz Spriggs, Judy Cornwell, Brenda Bruce, Clive Merrison . . . *Doctor Who*'s prestige was back, and how! Carol Kaye, of the Kaye Sisters and our Brighton panto (critics, please note) fame, is married to Lennie Young, one of my father's horse-racing cronies, and I was asked to keep their son Joey in mind as he was just starting out in the business. Joey seemed perfect for the role of the young caretaker, except that when we got to the studio, he appeared so good-looking on camera we had to rush him back into make-up to make him look less attractive, by adding stubble and dark rings under his eyes.

The writer of this story was the very talented Stephen Wyatt. Steven got on famously with Andrew Cartmel and I was delighted to have commissioned him. What I like so much about Stephen's *Doctor Who* work is that he creates a complete world for the story. You could never transfer one of Stephen's scripts to, for sake of argument, an everyday Earth setting, because he creates a detailed special environment where *that* environment is part and parcel of the story. I'm not saying he's the only writer to achieve this (Robert Holmes is a supreme example), but I was always aware that Stephen's characters not only had definition and substance, but through his writing, one is conscious of how those characters eat, think and live.

At the time of the story's production, many were curious to know if the script had a veiled sub-text; there were queries about so-called 'allusions' in the script. It was suggested that the red, blue and yellow Kangs represented the political parties of the time. It was suggested also that Pex's name was a clever in-joke, whereas it came simply from his scripted description as a muscular fellow with pronounced pectoral muscles. Someone even suggested that 'Rezzies' was short for 'Resident Lesbians' – what nonsense! They only wanted to *eat* Melanie! In any case, Stephen has denied these allusions – but it does demonstrate my earlier point about the sophistication of his scripts.

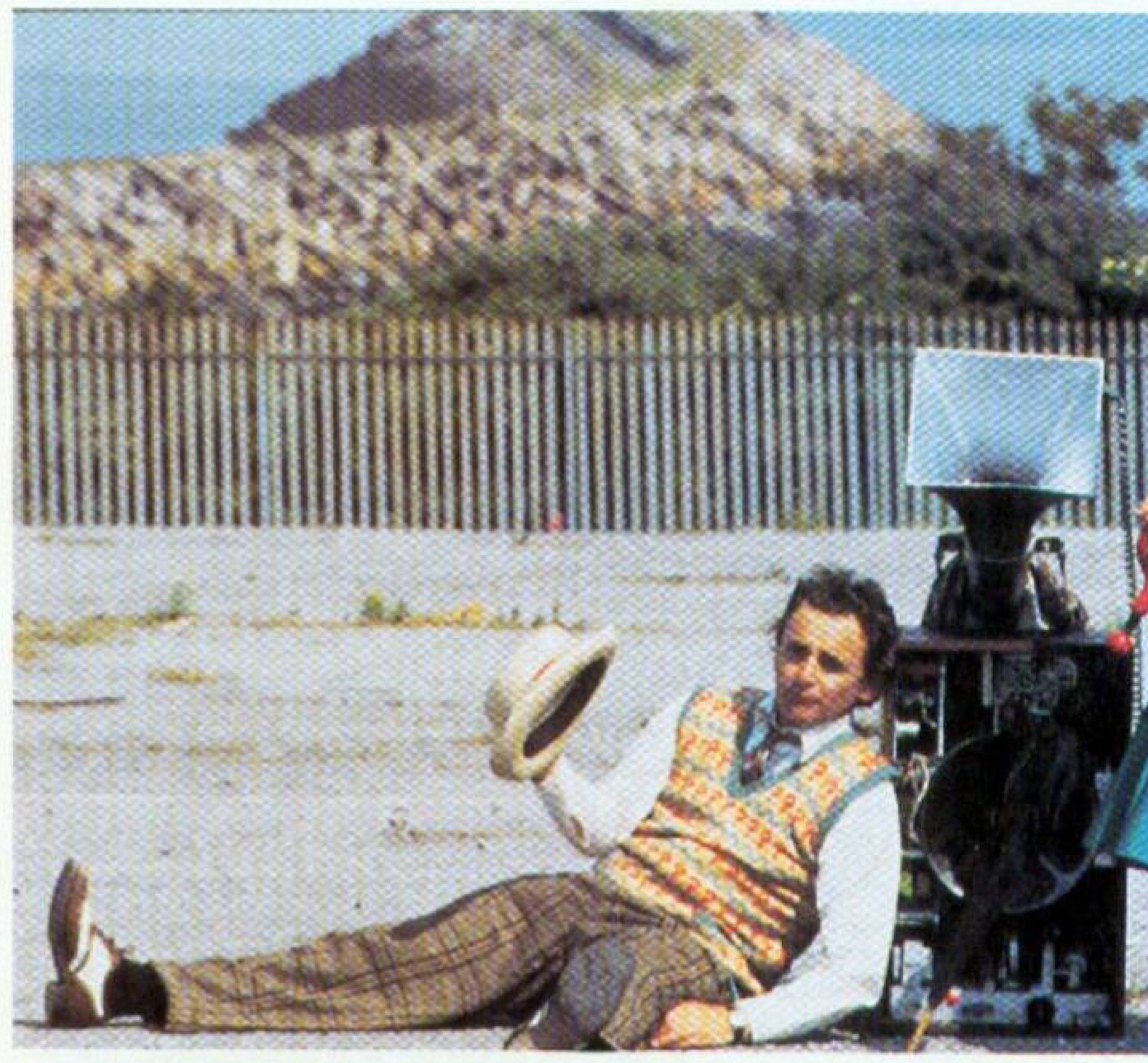
Nicholas Mallett said somewhere recently that he felt I argued with writers too much. It may have been this very magazine. Well, I have had some arguments, but chiefly they have been lengthy, animated discussions. In most, but not all, cases there were amicable conclusions to the talks. In my time, no writer took his/her name off a script, something that happened during the tenure of several of my predecessors, and there has only been one script withdrawal, and that was just one episode! And just for the record, I'm in discussions with Stephen Wyatt about a new project at the moment.

If Nicholas Mallett has a fault it is, perhaps, that he's determined to play 'Mr Nice Guy' all the time; this gets rather wearing and isn't always helpful. His version of some of my notes to the artistes sometimes lost more than a little of their directness in the translation!

You may recall a sequence where a kitchen knife was thrown in the Rezzies' apartment and became embedded in a wall. It passed my judgement of acceptable violence and that of Colin Rogers. We received no complaints about this from the public, but Michael Grade insisted that the sequence be re-cut for foreign sales and repeats, a task I duly performed myself.

I originally engaged another composer to provide the incidental music for this story. At the first dub I was totally surprised by his work. It was genuinely atmospheric, but also rather weird and I wasn't too sure about it. After we dubbed the second episode and I still had strong doubts, I asked Colin to view the first one for a second opinion. He agreed that we should change the music, so sadly we had to replace the composer. I want to make it clear that I have great admiration for the composer of the original score, and have heard his work on many TV series and it has been splendid. It was just that, on this occasion, his music was not quite right for *Doctor Who*.

At the traditional last night drinks, a deputation of Rezzies, in the form of Liz Spriggs and Brenda Bruce, insisted that their characters weren't dead in the basement of *Paradise Towers*, but just hurt and were living rough down there – and so there should be a sequel. This kind of proposal was becoming a habit!



**Above:** Sylvester McCoy and Sara Griffiths take time out from the rigours of filming *Delta and the Bannermen.* Photo © BBC

**Inset:** One of the Mark 3 Megapodic cleaning machines responsible for the upkeep of *Paradise Towers.* Photo © BBC Video

## DELTA AND THE BANNERMEN

This story was an experiment and I don't regret doing it one bit. It was, if you like, a fifties pastiche musical. I've often talked about the fluidity of the format of *Doctor Who* and I wanted to try this particular genre, to see how it worked. After all, we'd attempted virtually every other type of story!

The script described the Tollmaster who is encountered by the Doctor and Mel as a cross between a game-show host and a pantomime (sorry, dear reader!) dame. I first approached my old chum Christopher Biggins, who is a great panto (oops!) dame and was presenting a game show on Sky TV at the time called *Wife of the Week*. Chris thought the part too small, and wanted to play a villain anyway. Then we contacted Bob Monkhouse, who desperately wanted to do it, but the dates clashed with surgery he was having. And so we offered it to Ken Dodd, who agreed at once. He even agreed to come to Wales for a press photo-call some days before the actual shoot. He was rather late, I'll confess, and Her Majesty's Press were certainly getting restless, but when he finally appeared he had the press eating out of his hand within minutes and then disappeared to do a theatre show at the other end of the country. The resulting coverage was terrific.

I think it appropriate to stop here for a quick word about the artistes mentioned above. Of course, they are all more well-known in the 'variety' area of showbusiness, but let us not forget Biggins' excellent Nero in *I, Claudius* and his splendid performance in *Poldark*, Monkhouse's role in *The Boys from Syracuse* and Doddy's Shakespearean triumphs! Enough said!

On the night of his main shoot, Doddy arrived by car, bringing with him all the props listed in his section of the script: clip-board, streamers, party razzer, etc. When asked why, he said, "Oh, you're all so busy I didn't think you'd have time to sort them out!" He called me 'commander' and repeatedly thanked me for having him in our eisteddfod!

There was one scene, where the Tollmaster is ushering the holidaymakers onto the coach/ spaceship, were we did not require the sound, so we asked everyone to ad-lib. We only needed a few seconds of this, but Mr Dodd was so amusing, none of us had the inclination to call "Cut." He was hysterical. There was a pair of non-speaking artistes who were husband and wife, and both were quite large and mature. As the Tollmaster greeted the couple, he looked at the wife then turned to the husband and said, "Welcome aboard, sir! I see you've brought your bulldog with you!"

Talking of dogs, the chow/corgi of Mr Burton (Richard Davies) was none other than my own dog, Pepsi. It wasn't my idea to use him – it was director Chris Clough's. Mind you, a dog that had more than 60 TV programmes on its CV was quite at home with the cameras at Shangri-La. This was not the last time Pepsi would appear in *Doctor Who*!

**Top:**
Sylvester McCoy and Bonnie Langford take time out on two wheels.

**Above:**
US agents Weismuller (Stubby Kaye) and Hawk (Morgan Deare) on the hunt for their errant satellite in *Delta and the Bannermen.*

**Right:**
Gavrok (Don Henderson) threatens the Tollmaster (Ken Dodd) in the same story.
Photos © BBC

Because we had to drop the Nostalgia Tours coach from a few feet above the ground to indicate its arrival in Wales, we purchased an old, clapped out vehicle. It cost £300. Once the show was 'in the can', I offered it to BBC Exhibitions as a possible outdoor exhibit for the Longleat *Doctor Who* Exhibition. They accepted, paid the same price it had cost us in the first place, and put it into temporary storage in Wales. It was just as well – we were to re-use this coach the following season!

Hugh Lloyd, who played Goronwy, was accompanied on location by his wife, reporter Sian Davies. She wanted to be an extra for a day and write a piece for a magazine about her experiences. Equity, the actor's union, gave her temporary membership and Sian was decked out in fifties gear for the day we were shooting 'the hop'. It was hot and clammy that day and when our assistant floor manager approached her with a bottle of coke, Sian thought, "How kind" and thrust the straw into her mouth. She got a severe ticking-off and was informed that it was a prop and not to be drunk! At lunchtime, Sian joined Hugh on the lawn for lunch and was jokingly told by Gary Downie, the production manager, to "Leave the stars in peace, and rejoin your fellow non-speaking artistes!" When Hugh Lloyd was cleared for the day mid-afternoon, she tried to leave with him, only to find herself escorted back to her position on the dance-floor to retain continuity! Nonetheless, Sian enjoyed her day and the piece she wrote was highly entertaining (but never published due to a change of editor at the particular magazine).

Some of the OB crew decided to save money and stay in one of the holiday camp chalets, until they were woken on the first night by rats. One of them even took photographs of the vermin. When they checked out after that one night, the boss of the camp tried to insist that they paid for the whole period they'd booked for. That was, until he saw the polaroids of the rats!

I'm sure Brian Hibbard won't mind me telling you, but he has a couple of removable false teeth. At the end of Part One where his character, Keillor, tunes in his transmitter, Brian wanted to use his false teeth as the transmitter! Funnily enough, Cloughie and I decided to stick with the small prop!

Don Henderson's Gavrok was deliciously sinister, and Don had a great time on the show, and sought to continue a recent trend. Although Gavrok was blown up at the end of the story, Don had an idea for a sequel, which featured Gavrok's twin brother!

Sarah Griffiths played Ray, of course, and what a super lady she is. Originally Chris Clough and I had cast another actress, Lynn Gardner, who needed to have motor-scooter lessons which we duly agreed to pay for. Unfortunately, she badly hurt herself during one of the lessons, so we had to recast.

I had a problem with Bonnie Langford's contract. I didn't have an option on her services beyond Season Twenty-Four, though I had offered Bonnie eight episodes of the following season. Bonnie's agent kept asking for more time to consider the offer which, in all fairness, was a commitment to a couple of months' work way, way in the future. So, all I could do was wait. However, I needed to prepare for the worst, just in case, and because I could not make up my mind which story, *Delta and the Bannermen* or *Dragonfire*, would go out last, I decided to regard the characters of both Ray *and* Ace as potential new companions. Hence the artists concerned were engaged with options, having explained all the 'ifs, ands and buts' to the respective agents.

**There was something traditional about *Dragonfire,* which made me feel it was the right story on which to end the season.**

We had a press showing of *Delta and the Bannermen* at a marvellous exhibition of holographs in Piccadilly. It was a terrific venue for a launch, and the company who owned it were producing wonderful holographic cards of *Doctor Who* characters. Most of the cast were present and Don Henderson had embellished the storyline involving Gavrok's twin!

## DRAGONFIRE

I had to decide which of the two characters, Ray or Ace, would make the best new companion if Bonnie decided to call it a day. Should it be 'the innocent girl from the valleys' or 'the street-wise urchin of the eighties'? I had to stop procrastinating over which story went out last.

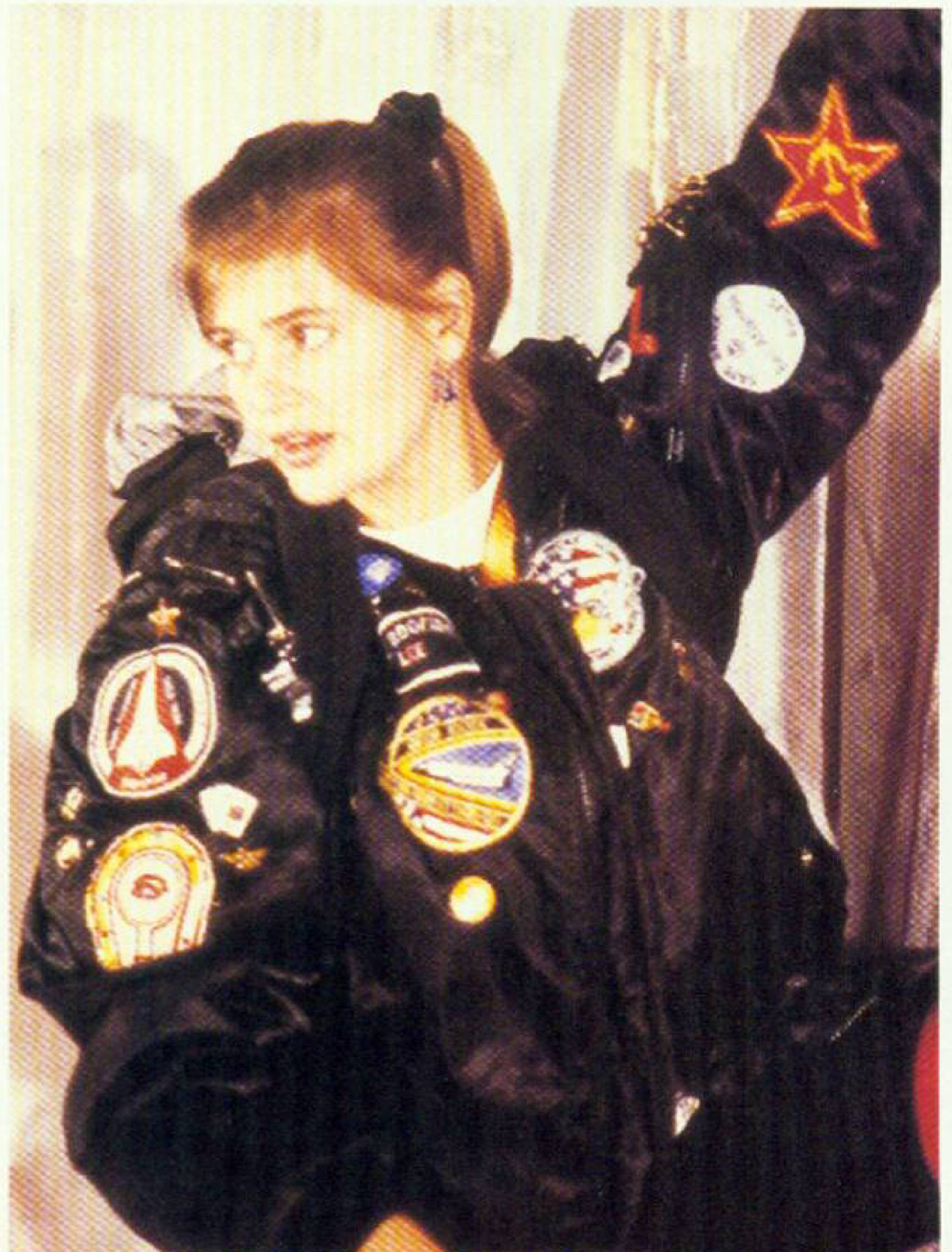
In the end I decided that *Delta and the Bannermen* was a little too 'different' for the end-of-season slot, and Ace, as a character, had more story potential than Ray. There was a lot going for both characters, but it was a case of considering in which way the series was going, and it seemed that it was going in a direction that, if need be, could incorporate Ace.

It was during the rehearsal period for *Dragonfire* that Bonnie's agent said he and Bonnie felt that they could not commit to a new season so far in advance, but if a major TV or theatre deal didn't show up nearer the time, Bonnie would gladly accept the offer of eight episodes. If another splendid opportunity did materialise, they would move heaven and earth to make sure Bonnie made some kind of appearance to achieve a leaving scene and a handover, however brief, in the first story of the new season. I didn't take long to decide that this was not acceptable. I was hoping to leave the show myself, so I didn't want to hand that kind of messy situation over to my successor, and I knew I didn't want the script editor and writers to have to make last-minute major structural changes on next season's stories. So, I told Barry Burnett, Bonnie's agent, that I would leave our contract as it was and write Bonnie out of the show during *Dragonfire*.

I had every confidence in Sophie Aldred's Ace, but decided to wait and see her good work in the rehearsal room committed to tape before taking up the option on a full contract. Meanwhile, Andrew Cartmel and Ian Briggs were digging out the re-written last few scenes which had been penned sometime before as a standby.

The first studio day went well. Sophie was splendid, I took up the option and, in order to stave off any more leaks to the press, I swiftly organised a press-call at TV Centre with Sophie, Sylvester and the TARDIS. Esther Rantzen interrupted the photo-shoot to wish Sophie good luck.

There was a lot of discussion about Bonnie's leaving scene and many, many re-writes, but the major input came from Andrew who utilised much of his audition piece that was performed by Sylvester and Janet Fielding. I rather liked the end results; the "Time, time, time . . ." scene is one of my favourites.



**Left:**
A new companion for the Doctor: Sophie Aldred as Ace in *Dragonfire.*

**Below:**
The Doctor comes face to face with the guardian of the *Dragonfire*, on his quest with Glitz (Tony Selby), Mel and Ace.
Photos © BBC Video

However, I'm getting a little ahead of myself – there are many on-set anecdotes from *Dragonfire* worth repeating. I recall that one of the extras in the cafe/restaurant on Iceworld looked incredibly like June Brown, who as *EastEnders*' Dot Cotton was featuring twice a week on BBC1. To save distracting the viewer, we decided to keep this extra at the back of the set. However, every time we moved on to a new scene, there was 'Dot' featuring heavily! She was constantly being moved around. We didn't feel we could explain why we were shoving her unceremoniously around the set, so I'm sure the poor woman developed a complex!

The role of the archivist was played by Daphne Oxenford, who used to read stories on the radio for children when I was young. I was delighted to finally meet her. I think, if my memory serves me correctly, she was introduced thus: "When the music stops, Daphne Oxenford will be here to talk to you." How innocent those days of radio were. One wag on the unit said that nowadays, with the casual, anarchic presentation of many radio shows, the introduction would be "When the pubs are shut, Daphne Oxenford will be here to talk to you!"

As a sort of consolation prize for not being able to play Ray in *Delta and the Bannermen*, we cast Lynn Gardner as the announcer. At least she could still say she'd been in *Doctor Who*!

There was something traditional about *Dragonfire* which made me feel it was the right story on which to end the season. It was studio-bound, of course, but it also somehow harked back to earlier days of the show while still using the latest technology. Sometimes innocent, sometime simple, and yet advanced, moralistic and, hopefully, entertaining. Again, a story of "Hello, goodbye", but with a reasonable degree of optimism for the future.

I was quite happy with how things were progressing. Sylvester was settling in nicely, it was clear that the Doctor/Ace relationship was going to work – even after only one story – and I was delighted to have such an enthusiastic and hard-working script editor as Andrew Cartmel. This would be an even better time than before to hand over to another producer!

However, there *was* a great deal of criticism of this season as a whole from the fan glitterati. Some of the points were valid, in my opinion, and some were definitely not. Some of the criticisms of the Graham Williams era resurfaced; comments like "too lightweight", "too slapstick", "too jokey", "not serious enough", "too many comedians" prevailed. I feel forced to remind you that Michael Grade had insisted on a more fun-orientated show and made a definite request to tone down the violence. Humour has to inevitably take a higher profile, and if the boss says he wants the show done one way, then that's how it's done. Funnily enough though, Michael was soon to depart the job of Controller of BBC1.

During the season, Michael Grade had accepted an offer to head Channel Four. Now, when a senior executive takes on such a job, he leaves the company he's been working with virtually immediately. It makes sense, because if you have the knowledge of what the 'new opposition' – in this case the BBC – is planning, it is preferable you retire from the scene at once. So Michael departed, Jonathan Powell was sent for and he moved to TV Centre to take over, and subsequently I had a new head of department: Peter Cregeen.

I'd known Peter as a producer for many years, but never worked with him. As the season drew to a close, it was the same old story. Peter had just taken over, so would I please help him out by staying on *Doctor Who* for another year, while he sorted out the new department? Here we go again . . !

So Season Twenty-Five of *Doctor Who* loomed. At least I was happy with the show and its component parts in general. When I heard that June Collins was available to rejoin me as production associate, as Ann Faggetter was moving on, I felt confident. Now surely there must be *one* season where there were no major problems?

Well, Season Twenty-Five was fun to do, as far as making TV programmes can ever be fun, and there *are* tales to tell next time. Who sang to the unit in Hammersmith? Which fanzine ruined my publicity plans for one story and was taken away at gun-point – yes, *gun-point*? Was the Whizzkid deliberately included to stir up trouble? Who offended royal protocol and why? Who swore at Programme Planning and was overhead? Which supporting cast member of *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* had been shortlisted for the role of the Seventh Doctor?

What was it that voice used to say on the radio when I was a child? Ah, yes! "When next issue's ink is dry, John Nathan-Turner will be here to talk to you!" ◆

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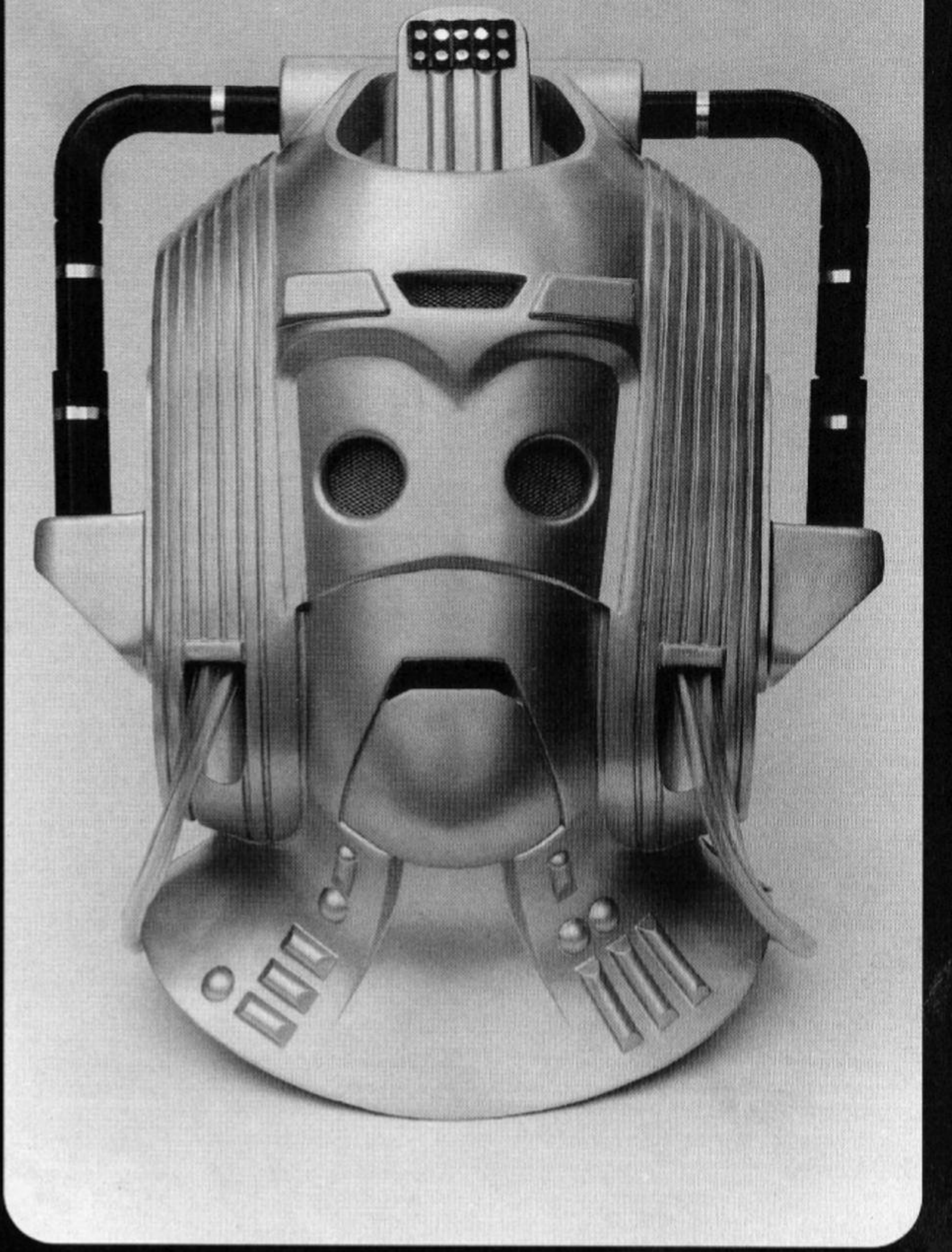

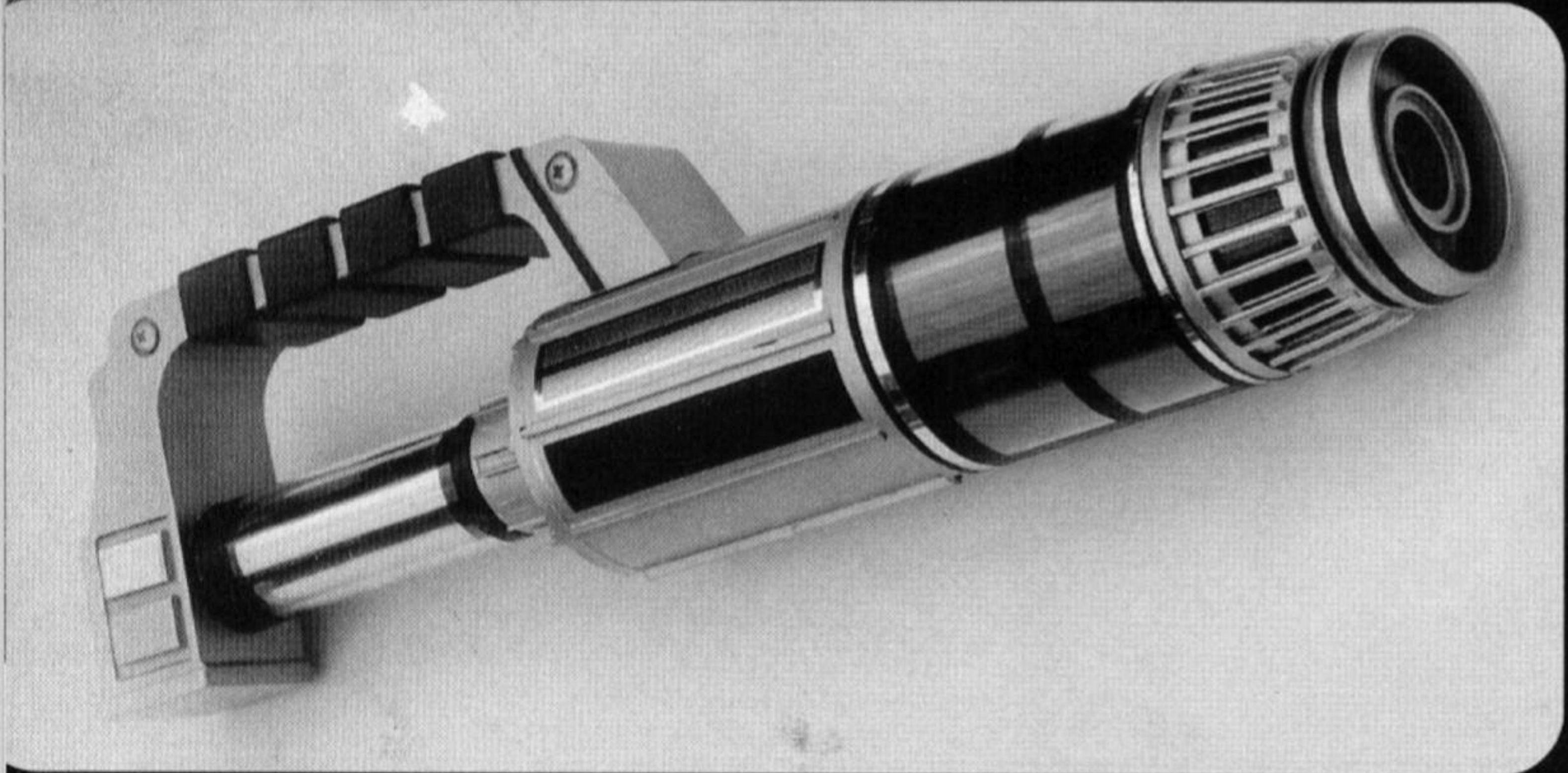

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